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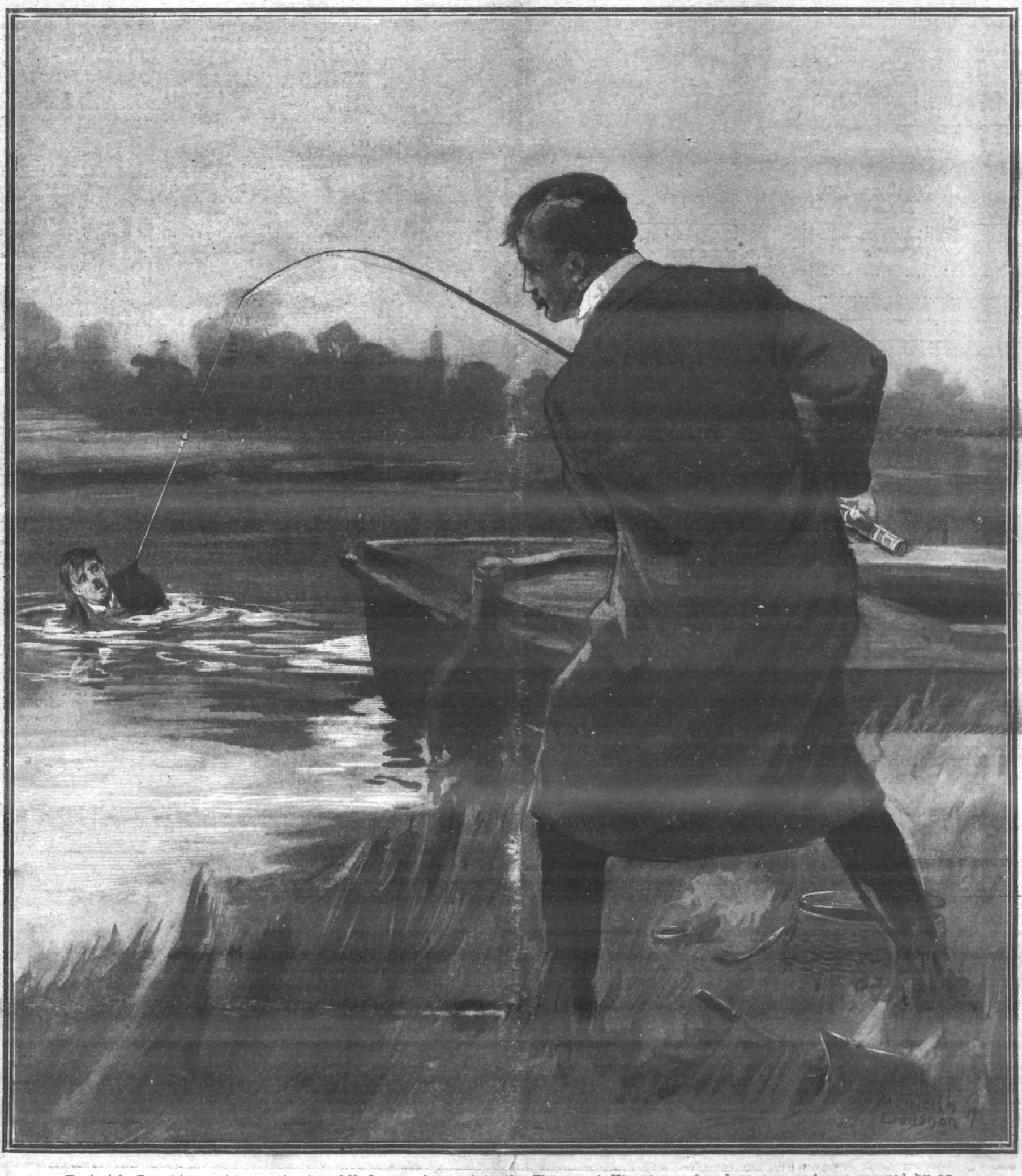
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.



Frederick Tompkins, a boy aged nine, fell from a barge into the Thames at Kingston a few days ago, and was rescued by an angler named Standford, who threw out his line, hooked him, and brought him safely to the shore. This is surely a record feat.

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that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT.** This marvellous remedy has 300 years' reputation and is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2s. each. If kept by you it will not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Rd., London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

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The mystery of a motor cab.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

FOR NEW READERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

"DEAD?" "Quite dead, Sir." "Impossible! How did he die?" "The man has been strangled, Sir." "Strangled? You must be mistaken, officer." "Look for yourself, Sir. It's a plain case of murder." The ominous word rang loudly through the wintry air, for the policeman's voice had unconsciously leaped an octave towards the conclusion of his sentence. Too startled to move, Mr. Lewis Mendle, solicitor, of 52, Cade Lane, Cheapside, paused on the steps of the large building, wherein was his office, and stared silently at the dead chauffeur on the motor-cab. The body is taken into the solicitor's office, and Inspector Hake is sent for. Constable Jennings, meanwhile, re-examines the body. The chauffeur proves to be a frail-looking young man, with a weak chin and an aristocratic nose. Then he examines the front seat, and finds on the floor a large waterproof envelope, brief size, which had been closed and sealed with a crest. But the seals had been broken and the envelope had been roughly torn open, evidently by a man in a hurry. Then Inspector Hake arrives, and in his presence Mendle recognises the dead man as his ward, Arthur Gerson, by whose death he loses a considerable sum of money. As Hake is about to drive off in the motor-cab there is a startled cry from underneath it, and a boy is dragged out severely injured in the head. Mendle goes home and has a somewhat stormy interview with Harriet Lane, and his ward, Belinda Gerson, the dead man's sister. Seated in his room he is filled with gloomy thoughts on the tragedy.

CHAPTER IV. *(continued).*

AN ACCUSATION.

SUDDENLY there was a knock at the door, and Mendle closed the bed-room door before he admitted his visitor to the sitting-room. In reply to his invitation, a young man entered with a rush—an excessively modern young man, smartly dressed, and much the same in looks as Arthur Gerson. His clothes were good, but his taste was somewhat flamboyant, and although he looked like a gentleman, and even like an aristocrat, there was about him the hint of a fallen society angel—that is, he suggested a bounder with a dash of good breeding. He was deadly pale, and fiddled nervously with a cigarette.

"You have heard the sad news, Sir Samuel?" said Mendle, rising again to close the outer door, which the baronet had left open.

Embers dropped with slack muscles into the nearest armchair. "Goo' Chris'fer!" said Embers, using his favourite expression, which had been invented by himself, so that he might not swear too picturesquely in civilised society. "I should jolly well think I have, Hake, y' know: Inspector Hake—goo' fell'r Hake, ole pal, o' mine—well, Hake routed me up four hour ago, t' tell me Arthur had kicked the bucket in my cab. Jolly shame, I call it: low-down trick to play a fell'r who has his confounded livin' t' make. Who 'll hire my nutty cab now, Mendle, I ask y', when it 's been made a blessed shambles of with blood an' sudden death, like a blessed slaughter-house. Goo' Chris'fer! Eh? What?"

"Poor Arthur was strangled," said Mendle, when this long speech was finished. "There was no blood."

"Oh, but there was, Mendle. That kid, y' know—poor little devil of Mrs. O'Toole's. Eh? What? Paddy O'Toole. Hang it, y' know, I 'm not a lop-sided saint nohow, but a poor little fell'r like Paddy O'Toole t' be smashed up like a jelly—oh my! Goo' Chris'fer. Nice reputation my cab 'ull have. What?"

"Is the boy's name Paddy? Do you know him?"

Embers nodded. "'Should think so, Mendle. Jolly little chap: used t' hang round th' Piccadilly Theatre an' get me fares. Hake, y' know Inspector Hake—goo' chap, Hake—waltzed roun' t' take me t' the hospital, I rec'g'n'zed th' little beast, one second."

"Is he better? Can he speak?"

"He 's got back his senses; but there 's somethin' wrong with th' brain in a queer way. Paddy can't remember his own name, or anythin' else. A mighty bad job, Mendle, 'cause he 'll not be able to spot the blighter who finished off poor Arthur."

Mendle frowned and tapped his teeth with a penholder. "But surely the boy will recover his memory sooner or later," he remarked.

"That 's questionable, Mendle. Some part of the cab gave him a nasty knock on the head, an' for th' time bein', poor little beast's mem'ry is entirely gone."

"But Dr. Morley mentioned somethin' about trepanning, and——"

"No go." Sir Samuel shook his closely cropped head wisely. "He only made a shot at what was to be done, when he looked at Paddy's head, at time of accident. Now,' he says, and hospital surgeon says, no trepannin' will bring back the memory. Th' knock an' the shock has wiped out Paddy's past. He starts life again with a mem'ry datin' from th' bed he lies in. Hake 's questioned him no end, and so have th' doctors, but Paddy only says he doesn't know anythin'—not even who he is."

"That is vexing, Sir Samuel. If the boy could remember, he might be able to say who strangled my poor ward."

"There 's no chance o' that Mendle, unless Mother Nature performs a miracle. Paddy might get back his mem'ry again, and then he might not. It 's a toss-up. Goo' Chris'fer, what a state for a fell'r t' be in. Wouldn't be bad for me though," ended the baronet reflectively. "Might help me to forget the Johnnies I owe cash to."

"How did the boy come to Cade Lane?" asked the lawyer.

"Hung on behind I 'pose, Mendle. 'T any rate, I saw him hangin' round th' Piccadilly Theatre early in th' evenin'. I brought a young married couple t' th' play 'bout eight o'clock, an' Paddy opened th' door for them. Boy said nothin' of goin' t' Cade Lane then?"

"No. I expect his journey there was unpremeditated," said the lawyer idly. "By the way, how did Arthur get hold of your cab?"

Embers relighted his cigarette, which had gone out, and explained the circumstance in his own peculiar phraseology, as he had already—so he said—explained it to Inspector Hake. It seemed that at a quarter past nine o'clock on the previous night Arthur Gerson came to Embers, when the motor-cab was waiting for a fare on the Trafalgar Square stand. Gerson wanted to go to a public-house in the Edgware Road, and had engaged the cab. The two drove to the hotel—it was called The Green Man—and there Gerson went into a tobacconist's shop, next door to the public-house, where there was a pretty girl serving, said Embers. Afterward, Gerson had invited his friend in to have a drink, and the cab was left unattended. Somewhere about nine o'clock—Embers could not be quite certain to a minute—Gerson excused

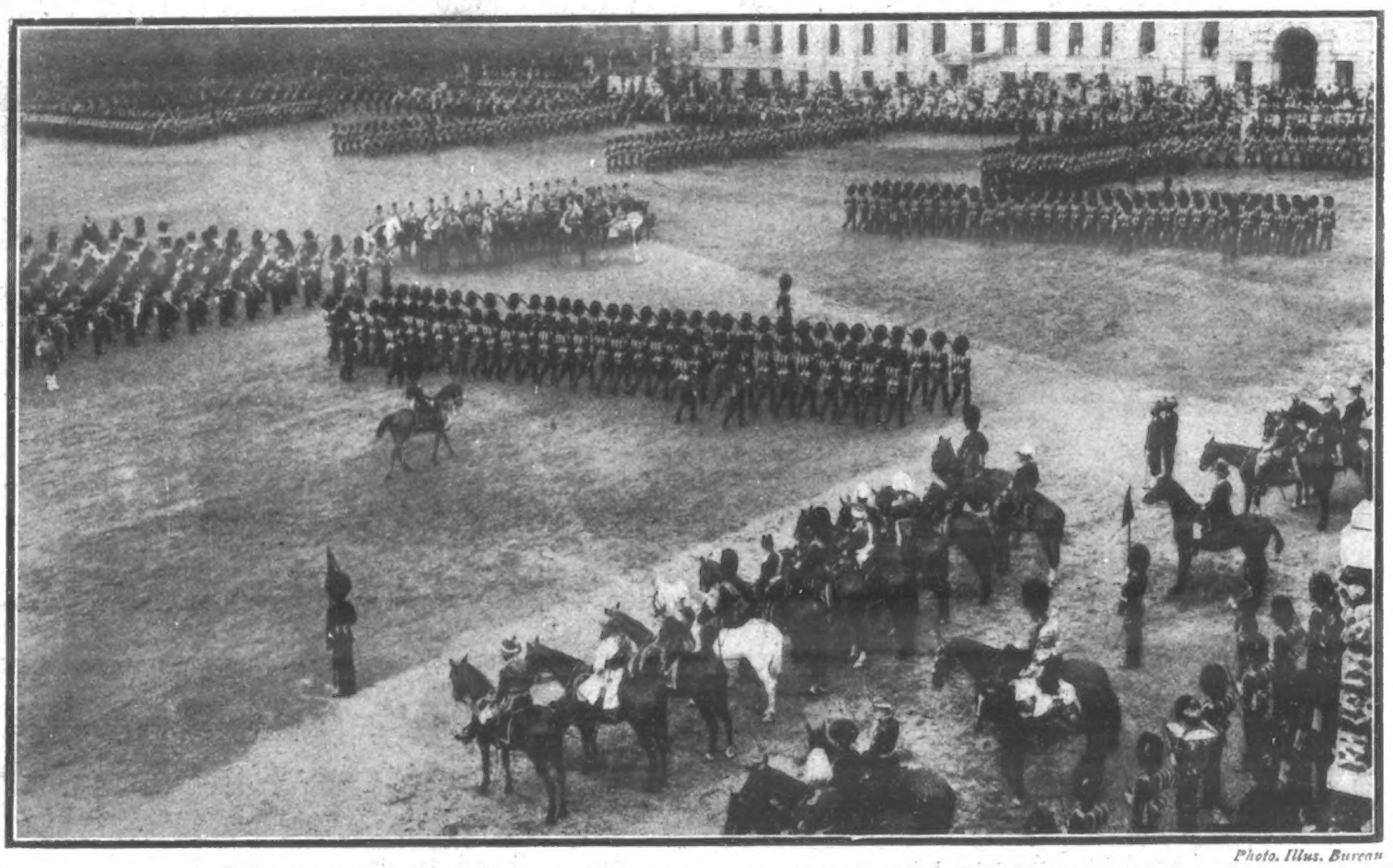


Photo. Illus. Bureau

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.

himself, and went out of the bar, presumably to see the girl again. As he did not return Embers followed, to see what was the matter. He found that the motor-cab was gone, together with his fur-coat and motor-goggles——"And Arthur already had on a motor-cap," ended the baronet.

"What became of the cab?" asked Mendle, who had followed this recital with keen interest.

"I never knew until Hake looked me up this mornin'," protested Sir Samuel. "Goo' Chris'fer, how should I, Mendle? Arthur cleared out with the machine, put on my goggles and coat and vanished. What he did between ten—it was about ten when he left—and twelve, when you an' the police spotted him in Cade Lane, I don't know."

"Did he say anything about calling on me at the office?"

"No. I don't think he mentioned your name."

"When you found the cab gone, what did you do?"

"I sailed into the tobacconist's and saw the girl. She said that Arthur had not been in again. He only paid her the one visit before we went to have drinks. I asked some loafers, and they told me that Arthur had come out and bolted with the cab."

"Why didn't they stop him?"

"Goo' Chris'fer!" ejaculated Embers. "Why should they have done that, Mendle? Of course, they thought he was the chauffeur of the cab. Arthur can't drive much, but he can handle a machine in a more or less rotten way. At any rate, he annexed my cab and left me high and dry for th' night. Very dry," finished Sir Samuel truthfully, "for I went back to the pub and filled up with whisky."

"Why didn't you inform the police?" asked Mendle testily.

ow I do like that," cried Sir Samuel in an injured tone. "I couldn't go t' th' police an' say that a pal o' mine—and Arthur was a pal, as y' know—was a thief. 'Sides, I fancied Arthur would turn up again. That was why I waited in the pub. But they turned me out at twelve," said Embers plaintively, "and as I had a skinful I waltzed home t' m' rooms, Bloomsbury way. This mornin' early Hake looked me up, and pitched the yarn of the murder. Afterwards he took me t' see Paddy. That 's all."

"You know nothing more?"

"No, hang you," retorted the baronet sulkily. "I didn't strangle the poor devil, if that 's what you mean?"

"I never hinted that you did, Sir Samuel," said Mendle drily; "but tell me if you know anything about this tobacconist girl?"

"No, I never set eyes on her before."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know. Goo' Chris'fer, why should I know?"

"Arthur might have spoken to you about her."

"Well then he didn't. Arthur was always fallin' in love, and I never pretended to keep track of all his spoonin'."

"What is the name of the tobacconist?'

"I don't know. But the shop is nex' door t' The Green Man, Edgware Road. Y' can look up th' girl, if y' like. But y' won't learn anythin', Mendle. Arthur—so she said, jus' walked in and walked out with a parcel of cigarettes."

"Humph!" said Mendle meditatively, "Then you have no reason to think that Arthur hired your cab to drive up and see this girl?"

"No. He told me t' drive t' Th' Green Man. Maybe the tobacconist was an after-thought, or he simply went in to buy the cigarettes, which is the most reasonable thing t' think."

"Was Arthur in good spirits?"

Embers shrugged his shoulders sulkily. "He was in a rage over somethin', and said that he was goin' t' bring someone to his bearin's."

"Who was the person he meant?"

"I don't know. He never told me, and I never asked."

"Did you see this waterproof envelope in his hand?"

"No. He might have had it in his pocket, but he never brought it out when he was with me. In fac'," cried Embers rising and turning restive, "I don't know why he was killed, or who killed him, and after Hake's badgerin' me, I don' want t' be badgered by you. Goo' Chris'fer! rather not. Eh, what?"

"But think," urged the solicitor earnestly. "Arthur may have let fall some expression likely to give a clue to the identity of the assassin."

Sir Samuel walked restlessly round the room with his hands in his pockets and shaking his head. "He did say that someone wanted t' get him out of th' way.'

"Wanted to kill him, in fact?"

"Well," drawled Embers doubtfully, "y' might put it that way."

Mendle became quite excited. "Why, you might be able to bring home the crime to the criminal, in spite of the accident to Paddy O'Toole."

"I might," said the baronet unexpectedly, "but I ain't goin' to."

"But you must, if you know the person Arthur meant—the person who wished him ill. Did he mention the name?"

"Yes, he did," said Embers reluctantly.

"And the name?"

Sir Samuel closed his lips obstinately and tugged nervously at his yellow moustache. Mendle insisted on an explanation, but the baronet refused to open his mouth. "An' if y' tell Hake what I 've told you," snapped the young man, "I 'll deny everythin'. See?"

"Embers, you know the truth," said Mendle, looking at him directly.

"Perhaps I do, an' perhaps I don't.

"It *is* a woman, then?" insisted Mendle.

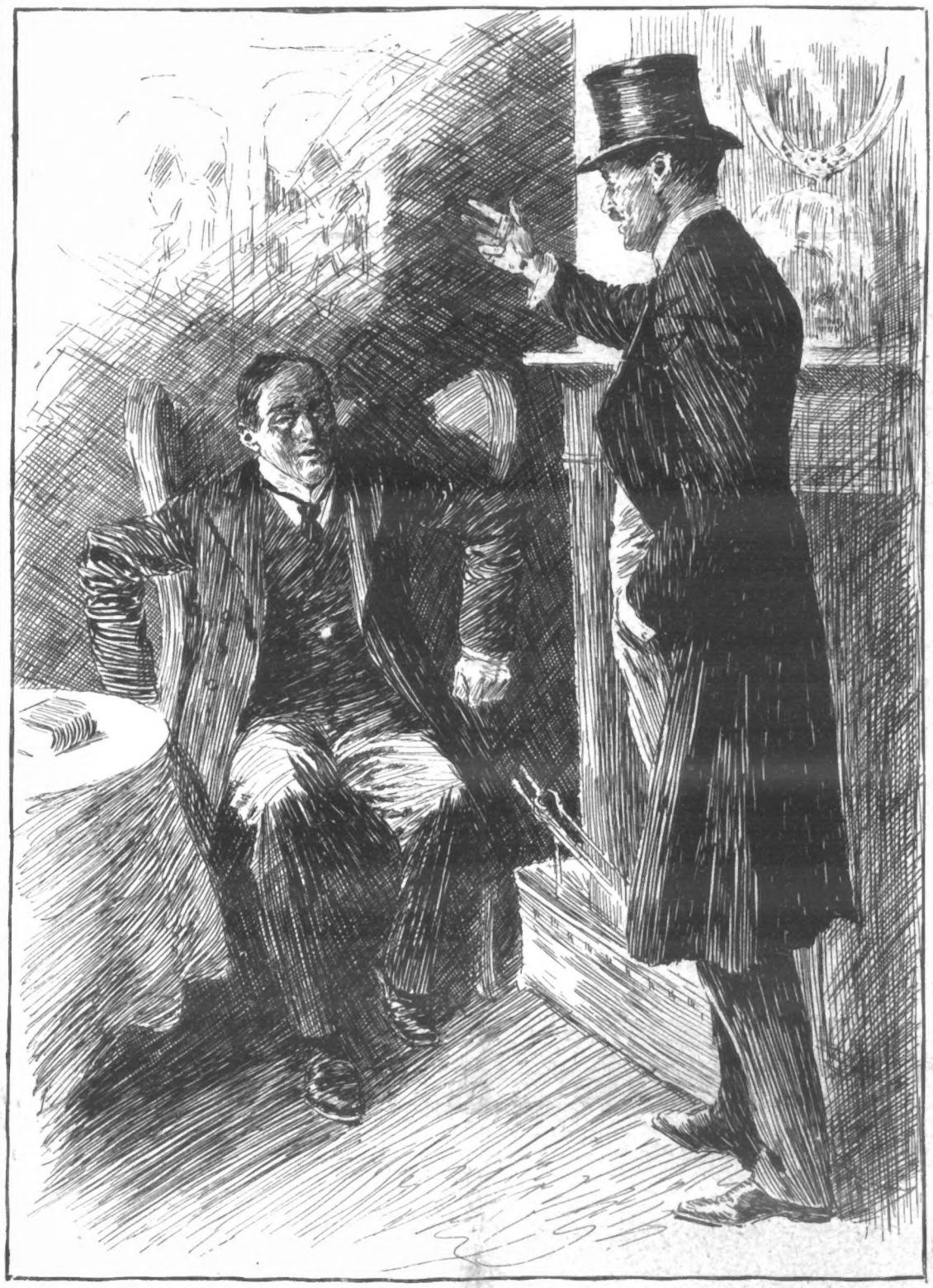
Sir Samuel Embers crammed his hat on his head and made for the door, as if he had not heard the question. "I say," he remarked, pausing, "Arthur told me the terms of his father's will. This unexpected death brings you to the ground."

Mendle nodded coolly. "I lose five thousand a year."

"And Miss Gerson gets it."

"She does. I put her into possession of the property whenever the inquest is over, and Arthur, poor boy, is buried."

"Five thousand a year," mused Embers, his eyes lighting up. "I say," he added slowly, "I 'spose you know that I love Miss Gerson, and that Arthur wanted me t' marry her?"



"Ah!" cried Mendle, suddenly enlightened, "then it was Belinda who threatened to kill Arthur?" Embers shuffled, and finally nodded. "She did kill him," he said.

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CHAPTER V.

THE INQUEST.

A DAY or so later, when driving to the inquest, Mendle tried to recall every detail of the conversation with his titled client, and did so, more or less successfully. After that plain accusation of Belinda Gerson as the murderer of her brother, Embers had said very little, and, indeed, seemed extremely sorry that he had said so much. And not without reason, since, believing the girl to be guilty, he hoped to force her to marry him, whether she would or no. To impart his guilty knowledge to Mendle, who was, as the Baronet knew, a rival, I may be a rotter, Mendle—one of the worst y' know spendin' money an' sellin' th' estates. But there 's things that even a rotter can't go, if he wants t' sleep well."

"What chivalry!" mocked the lawyer, much vexed.

"Chivalry?"

"Towards a woman."

"I never said anythin' about a woman," retorted the baronet sharply.

"The whole tone of your refusal to speak hints at a woman. You are too selfish to shield a man, unless it was made worth your while. I know of no one connected with Arthur who would pay you to hold your tongue so——"

"See here!" Embers clenched his fist and passed his tongue over a pair of white, dry lips. "Don't y' go too far, Mendle. You 're my lawyer, and not my master."

"As your lawyer, I ought to know everything."

"You shan t know this"

Mendle's face grew even paler than it was. "I know," he said, almost inaudibly, "but I love her too."

Sir Samuel, secure in the knowledge of his smirched title and flamboyant good looks, stared insultingly at the bent, worn lawyer. "She 'll never marry you," he said scornfully.

"You can't be sure of that, until I get her answer," retorted Mendle, stung to the quick by the implied slight.

"Oh, she 'll say 'No' to you, as she 'll say 'Yes' to me."

"I think she 'll say 'No' to us both," breathed the solicitor.

"Why to me?" asked Embers, glancing in a near mirror complacently.

"Because of Darton."

Sir Samuel snapped his fingers. "I don't care that for Darton," he said truculently. "I can force her to marry me."

"Ah," cried Mendle, suddenly enlightened, "then it was Belinda who threatened to kill Arthur?"

So it seemed—as Mendle considered—that Sir Samuel was what he himself had termed a "rotter," in spite of his pretended magnanimity. He was not prepared to betray a woman, so he declared, yet he was not above using the weapon fate had placed in his hand to force her into a marriage which she disliked. With some difficulty Mendle extracted from the young man the reason for bringing such an accusation, and learned that Embers based his belief solely upon the fact that Arthur had told him, when at The Green Man, that Belinda had threatened to murder him because he, Arthur, had threatened to disgrace Dr. Wilfred Darton. In what way Arthur had proposed to do this last would be to place a weapon in that rival's hands. However, Mendle's sudden mention of the name had taken Embers by surprise, and, not being overclever, he had blurted out what he believed to be the truth almost without being aware of his foolish frankness.

Embers could not say; but he was certain that Belinda had uttered her wild threat. But, of course, as Mendle pointed out, it was ridiculous to accuse the girl upon such slight evidence, especially as she was greatly attached to her brother. But Sir Samuel insisted that Belinda, having been at the Piccadilly Theatre on the night in question, could easily have secured the cab driven by her brother, and when seated beside him on the box-seat—which, knowing him, she could manage—might have strangled him. And in any case, as Embers asserted, Belinda probably was one of the last people, if not the very last, to see her brother alive. However, Mendle pooh-poohed the whole theory, since Sir Samuel had no very strong facts to go upon, save that contained in the observation made by Arthur, that his sister had threatened murder.

But, as the lawyer explained, Belinda was a nervous, hot-tempered girl, who said far more than she meant. It was quite probable that in a moment of passion she had made such a threat, but without any intention of carrying it out, and even without thinking of what she was saying. Moreover, to execute such a crime would need great skill and strength and cunning, none of which qualities the girl possessed to any extent. Finally, Mendle, after laughing at Embers's theory, had advised him to hold his tongue, since to tell such a cock-and-bull story to the police would only result in his being covered with ridicule. Sir Samuel had therefore departed with the fullest intention of following the advice of his legal adviser. All the same, he quite intended to try the effect of the accusation on Belinda when proposing. And shortly he intended to ask her to be Lady Embers, if only for the sake of the five thousand a year.

Mendle also made up his mind to take the same road. He was well aware that Belinda was guiltless, as she was not clever enough to invent and execute so dexterous a crime. Nevertheless, if she refused to become Mrs. Mendle, he hoped to terrify her into surrender. This he could do, as he believed, by repeating Arthur's observation, and by recalling to her memory the strange fact that she had been up and dressed to go out early on the morning when her brother had been murdered. Also she had been at the Piccadilly Theatre, and could easily have got into the cab, as Embers had conjectured. In fact, as the lawyer thought, he could build up a very fair case against the timid and ignorant girl. That the case would be mainly composed of moonshine did not matter, so long as she accepted his hand. Mendle did not consider himself to be a bad man, but he did not see why he should lose five thousand a year, because he did not possess sufficient youthful and manly grace to fascinate a woman.

The inquest was held in a small hotel near the City Morgue, and after inspecting the body the jury moved into a large room to hear the evidence. Inspector Hake was present along with Mendle and Robert Parley. Also the doctor from the hospital came with Dr. Morley, as his evidence was required to prove that Paddy O'Toole was not able to be a witness. Then Embers took a seat in the body of the room, to describe how the deceased became possessed of the motor-cab, and Simond and Jennings were also present to give evidence.

"Have you learned anything new?" asked Mendle, when seating himself behind Hake.

"No," said the Inspector, rather despondently. "I can't make head or tail of this case. Who killed the man, or why he was killed, I can't say. It 's a profound mystery."

"What about that girl in the Edgware Road tobacconist's?"

"How do you know about her?" asked Hake, abruptly.

"Sir Samuel told me everything. There was no reason why he should not. I am his legal adviser, remember."

"Oh, there 's no harm done," said Hake hastily. "Only I wondered if you had found out anything on your own account."

"I have discovered nothing, Mr. Inspector. I don't know in which direction to look. Yet, after hearing what Embers had to say, I fancied that this girl might know of something."

"Ellen Parley. She knows nothing."

Mendle started with genuine surprise. "Ellen Parley!" he repeated.

Hake nodded. "Yes. The daughter of your clerk. The similarity of the names struck me, and I learned about the relationship. But Miss Parley says that Gerson only came in hastily on that night, to buy a packet of cigarettes, and made no very pertinent remarks."

"Did she know him?"

"She confessed that she did. You see, Gerson frequented the bar of the Green Man, and often bought goods from Miss Parley. In some way he learned her name, and then it came about that she learned who he was. You understand."

THE GATHERING OF 500,000 WORMS

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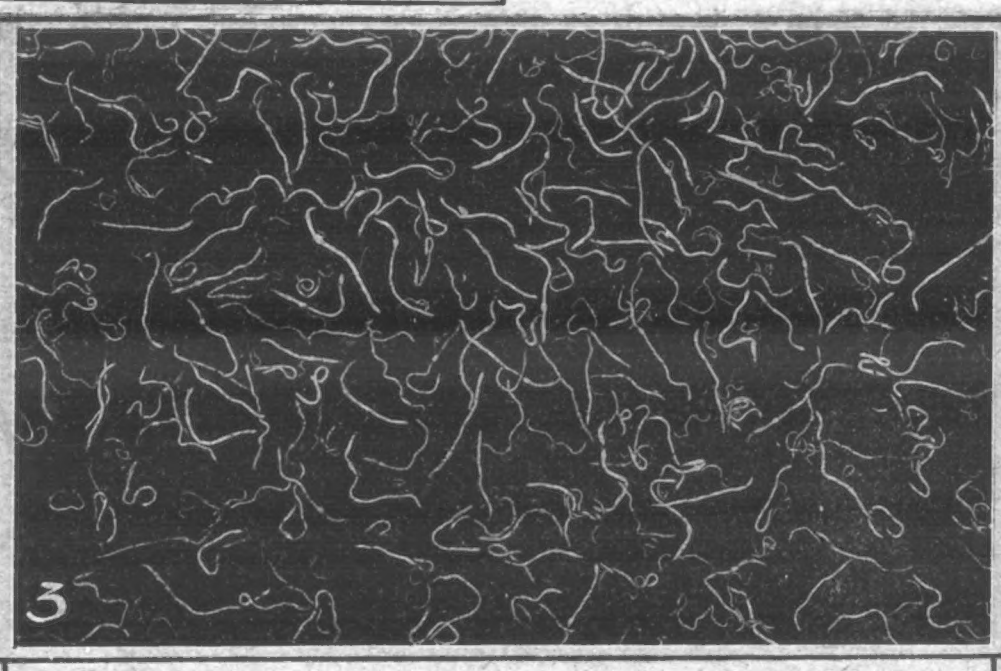
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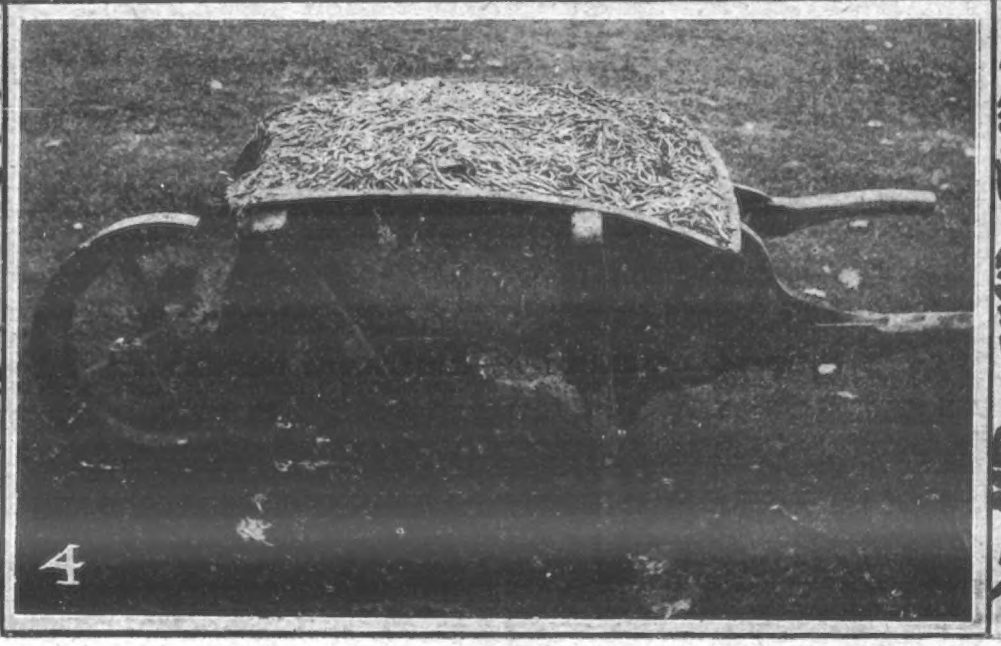
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1 Making preparations for the work of destruction. 2. The work in full swing.
3 and 4. The results.

WORMS have always been looked upon by golfers, greenkeepers, and lawnkeepers generally, as being among their worst enemies. For where the soil is infested with worms a green requires an enormous amount of attention in keeping it clean and healthy, which is only done after daily rolling and brushing. The labour is immense, and, then, the surface is always liable to be spongy.

Now one club at least has solved the problem by killing off all the worms, and this is the Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. This is how it was done.

On a mild, muggy day, when the soil was moist, and the worms, consequently, near the surface, one of the eighteen "greens" was saturated with water to open up the worm-holes. Then, at the rate of half-a-pound to the square yard, a magic powder was sprinkled all over the surface. So far nothing happened. But when the hose was used to water in the powder, thousands of worms came rushing to the surface, and died almost instantly. Many of the creatures leapt several feet in the air and then fell dead.

The photograph on this page gives a very good idea of how thick the worms lay on the ground, five to ten minutes after the powder had been watered in. From this one green alone no less than three barrow-loads were swept up, the number of killed totalling, in rough figures, well over half-a-million worms! The experiment has been wonderfully successful, as not only was the green—and others also, which were treated in the same way—freed from worms, but it has remained free, and the surface is clean, close, and firm. Another great advantage obtained is that the greens are in such good condition that they will be played throughout the winter.

The turf in no way has suffered by the use of the powder, as is frequently the case with worm-killers—in killing the worms you kill the turf! And there now being no worms, practically no rolling or brushing is required, and so a great saving in labour is effected. Thus, the lot of the golfer and the greenkeeper alike is rendered much happier.

There is, of course, no reason why the powder should not be just as effective for use in the suburban garden. But there is a word of warning to the wise. Remember that the choice of a mild, muggy day is half the battle, once you are provided with your powder. The worms are near the surface in wet weather, but in dry they burrow deep, and it is hopeless trying to reach them. And then the other half of the battle is well watering the soil after the powder has been sprinkled. Hold the nozzle close to the ground so that the water is forced into the worm-holes, and you will not be disappointed.

"Oh, it's quite easy; quite easy," said Mendle mechanically. "Of course, the name would suggest that of my clerk, and Arthur, on learning that he was the girl's father, would say that he was my ward. But are you quite sure that this Ellen knows nothing?"

Hake turned on the lawyer squarely. "What should she know?"

Mendle mused. "She might know nothing; on the other hand, she might know a great deal. Arthur was a loose talker about his private affairs, and in conversing with her, might have have said something likely to show who hated him sufficiently vehemently to go to the length of murder."

"He said nothing on the night in question, at all events," said Hake in a sharp tone, for he did not like to be advised about his business in this way. "But I must add," he remarked, pondering, "that Miss Parley seemed considerably upset over the death. Perhaps she was in love with the deceased. He wasn't a bad-looking fellow."

"Or a very scrupulous fellow either," said Mendle drily. "Well, then, if you don't question Ellen Parley, I'll do so myself, and I'll question her father also. I must learn who killed Arthur and avenge his death."

"That is rather a bitter sentiment," said Hake absently, for the Coroner was getting ready to speak.

"It is a true one, although I had little reason to love Arthur. He hated me, although I gave him no cause. And also," added Mendle earnestly, "I wish to clear my own character from suspicion."

The Inspector turned again and fairly laughed. "I assure you there is no need," he said, surveying the nervous face of the lawyer. "No one can say that you had a hand in this."

"The very hint that I had would drive me mad, Mr. Inspector."

Hake laughed again. "You are all nerves," said he lightly. "However, I daresay by the time the inquest is ended you will be fully exonerated. Hush! the Coroner is about to address the jury."

Even as he spoke, the Coroner raised his voice and made a plain, bald statement of the case to the twelve good and lawful men. What he said was to the point and unadorned by any flowers of eloquence, but the mystery of the murder was so deep that everyone listened intently to every word. The conclusion of the opening address left the jury where they were—that is, in a state of complete ignorance.

Inspector Hake then followed with an account of how the crime had been discovered, and gave a list of the witnesses he proposed to call, ending with an expression of regret that the one witness who would in all human probability solve the problem was lying dangerously ill in a near hospital. He also placed before the jury the empty waterproof envelope which had been found on the box-seat of the motor-cab, and the tri-coloured scarf with which deceased had been strangled. The cedar pencil used to twist the scarf was also produced.

Constable Jennings then detailed how he had discovered the motor-cab and the body, and had knocked up Lewis Mendle because of the light in the office. The lawyer himself repeated the same story that he had related to Hake on the night of the murder, but neither witness threw any light on the darkness. Mendle was closely questioned as to his relations with the deceased, and frankly confessed that they were not of the best since Arthur Gerson had twice tried to kill him. "And without reason," ended witness. Mendle displayed considerable agitation, and twice stated that he feared to be accused, seeing what the circumstances of the case were, and that the crime had been committed, so to speak, before his office. But no one hinted that Mendle was connected in any way with the tragedy, especially when it came to light that he had lost five thousand a year by the death. Also, Robert Parley stepped into the box to prove an alibi on the part of his master.

Dr. Morley stated that deceased had been killed by strangulation somewhere about eleven o'clock, and being a delicate man, must have died very easily. Indeed, the heart, as witness pointed out, was affected, which would bring about the death very rapidly. There could scarcely have been any struggle.

"Are you certain that deceased was murdered at eleven?" asked a juryman suspiciously.

Witness: "Perfectly sure."

Juryman: "Constable Jennings said that he found the dead body in the cab at five minutes to twelve. Are we, then, to believe that the cab was standing before Mr. Mendle's office all that time?"

Coroner, referring to his notes: "Constable Jennings also said that he walked down Cade Lane about twenty minutes past eleven and saw no cab there."

"And Constable Cropsley saw the cab coming," said Hake.

Cropsley was called, and declared that he had seen the cab pass down Manners Street somewhere about half-past eleven, only he could not be sure to a minute.

The Juryman: "Then we are to believe that a dead man drove the cab."

Coroner: "There is no need to make a jest of so solemn a subject."

The Juryman: "I want to know how the cab came to be at Mr. Mendle's office-door when the deceased had been killed nearly an hour previous."

Coroner: "Perhaps witness saw who was driving."

Constable Cropsley said he had taken no particular notice of the motor-cab, and that it passed him very swiftly. So far as he remembered, only one man was driving.

Coroner: "Was a boy hanging on behind?"

Cropsley: "I did not notice that, Sir."

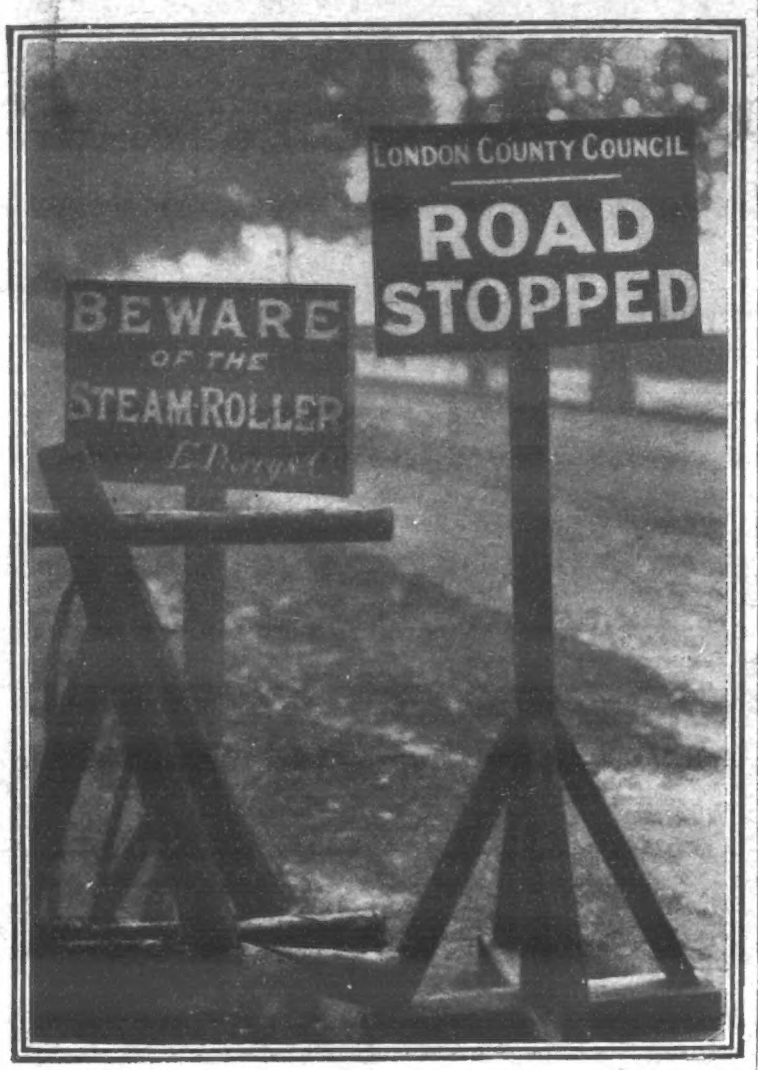
The jury expressed themselves somewhat confused, and this confusion was shared by everyone else. But no cross-questioning could extract from any witness more than had been said. The deceased had certainly been murdered at eleven, so it was presumed that his murderer had driven the cab to Cade Lane.

"To implicate me," called out Mendle at this point.

The Coroner pointed out that Mr. Mendle was not implicated in any way, but it was certainly strange that the murderer—who, presumably, had driven the cab to Cade Lane, should have known that the cab was bound to be there at midnight. Could Mr. Mendle say who knew that the cab was to be there at that hour.

"Sir Samuel Embers, to whom the cab belonged, knew," said Mendle, rising to give point to his speech; "also Miss Gerson and Miss Lane and deceased knew. Sir Samuel had driven me for some months to and from the

THE ROADS ARE UP!



NO EXPLANATION NEEDED.

City at midnight. But surely Constable Cropsley must have seen the murderer driving 'longside his victim."

Constable Cropsley swore again that he only saw one man. "But then," added Cropsley for the third time, "I did not take particular notice of the cab."

A Juryman: "Perhaps the injured boy drove it?"

This suggestion was received with a laugh. A street arab could not possibly have the knowledge to drive a motor-cab. "Then Constable Cropsley must have seen him hanging on behind."

"I did not, Sir," declared Cropsley.

"Perhaps the boy was inside the cab," suggested the Coroner, and as the discussion seemed futile called Sir Samuel Embers.

The baronet told exactly the same story as he had related to Hake and Mendle, but suppressed the fact—with a sly glance at the lawyer—of Arthur's observation regarding Belinda's threat. The witness declared that Gerson gave no hint that he expected to be murdered, and showed no signs of wishing to use the cab. He saw nothing of a waterproof envelope.

Belinda Gerson, who was dressed in deep mourning, and who looked terribly grief-stricken, gave evidence that she had seen her brother on the night of his death. The last time she had set eyes on him was at ten minutes to eight o'clock, when he escorted her to the Piccadilly Theatre. There he left her, and she expected to come home with her half-sister, Miss Lane, who was acting.

"Did you go home with Miss Lane?" asked the Coroner.

"No," said the witness; "I could not find my sister, and so took a hansom and went home. I expected to find my brother at home, but he was not there. I waited up for him. Miss Lane came home later, and we both waited."

Coroner: "Was deceased usually home early?"

Witness (hesitating): No; he often stopped out all night."

Coroner: "Then why did you wait up on this especial night?"

Witness (hesitating again): "My brother was angry with Dr. Wilfred Darton, to whom I am engaged, and threatened to do him an injury unless the marriage was broken off. I waited up, to ask my brother if he had seen Dr. Darton on that night."

A Juryman: "And had he?"

There was some laughter at this, until witness answered: "No! I asked Dr. Darton, and he said that he had gone home straight from the theatre."

Coroner: "Was Dr. Darton at the theatre also?"

Witness: "Yes, he was with me in the stalls."

Coroner: "If he was engaged to you, Miss Gerson, why did he not see you home, instead of letting you go alone?"

Witness: "Dr. Darton left me, after placing me in a cab, as he had to see a patient. He told me that he went home, calling on his patient on the way."

A Juryman: "You said that he went *straight* home!"

Witness: "So he did, but he called on his patient."

Coroner: "In that case he did not go straight home. Do you know the name of the patient?"

Witness: "No; Dr. Darton did not tell me."

Coroner (suddenly): "Was the patient your brother?"

Witness: "No. My brother was in perfect health. Moreover he disliked Dr. Darton on my account too much to be his patient. My brother did not approve of my engagement to Dr. Darton."

Many other questions were put to witness, but nothing further of any importance could be learned. It so happened that Darton was in the court, as he had come there with Miss Gerson. He was quite ready to give his evidence, and merely stated that he had put Miss Gerson into a cab, and then had called on his patient. Afterwards he had gone home. His rooms were in Bloomsbury. He knew that deceased disliked him because he did not approve of a possible marriage with his sister, but witness declared that he never took any notice of deceased's wild speeches. "He was a highly neurotic man," said the doctor. "He threatened me, and he also threatened Mr. Mendle. But I do not believe that he intended to harm either of us."

"He certainly tried twice to harm me," said Mendle grimly.

The hospital doctor was then called, and proved that Paddy O'Toole could not leave his bed, as he had been much shaken by the shock, and was weak from the loss of blood. He said that the boy's memory was quite gone, and that he could recollect nothing of his past, not even his own name. The blow on the head, or the shock itself, might either have occasioned the loss of memory.

Coroner: "Will he recover his memory again?"

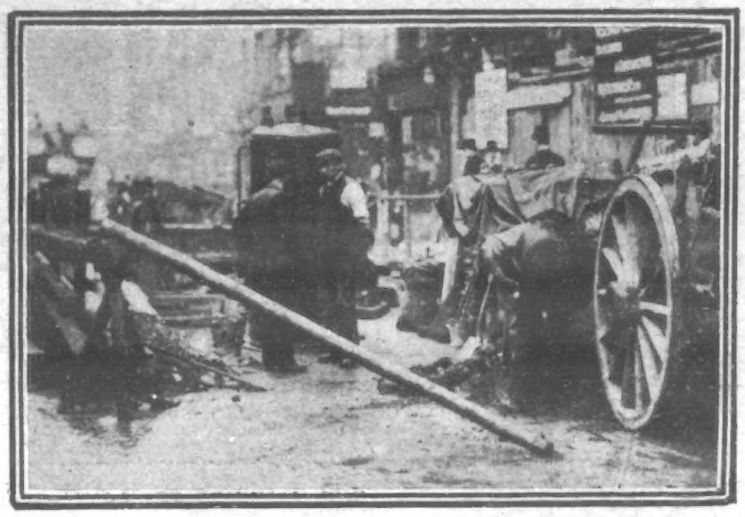
Witness: "It is impossible to say. He may, or he may not. It quite depends upon his constitution. He seems weak, and may possibly die. His body is very ill nourished. In time he might recover his memory, but I would not be prepared to swear that he would."

A Juryman: "Do you think that the boy knows the truth of the murder?"

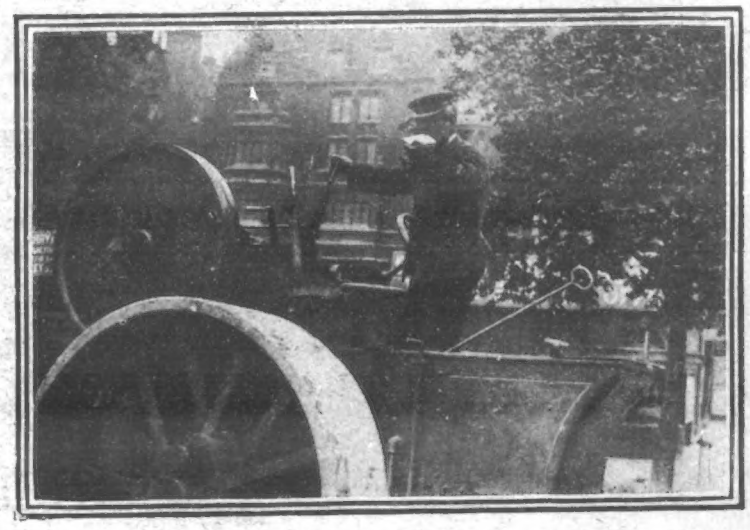
Witness (stiffly): "I am quite in the dark on that point."

On the whole, as the daily papers afterwards declared, the proceedings at the inquest were most unsatisfactory. There was much cry and little wool, said the reporters, since no evidence was forthcoming, likely to show who had murdered the deceased. Not even a feasible notion had been suggested, although it was hinted that the empty water-proof envelope had contained papers, for the sake of which the crime had been committed. The coroner and several of the jurymen asked all manner of questions, and three or four of the witnesses had been recalled. But at the end of two hours, and when every available point had been threshed out, the jury brought in the usual commonplace verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

(To be continued.)



RATHER MIXED.
One of the many stretches of street "up" just now.

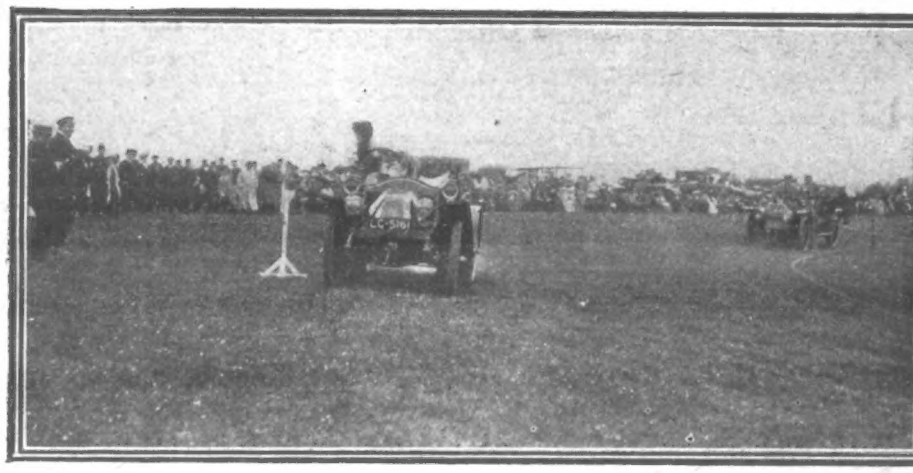


WORK AND PLEASURE COMBINED.
The driver of the traction-engine takes a little light refreshment.

IS THIS A GAMBLING GAME?
No, it is merely wages being counted out on to the kerb last Saturday.

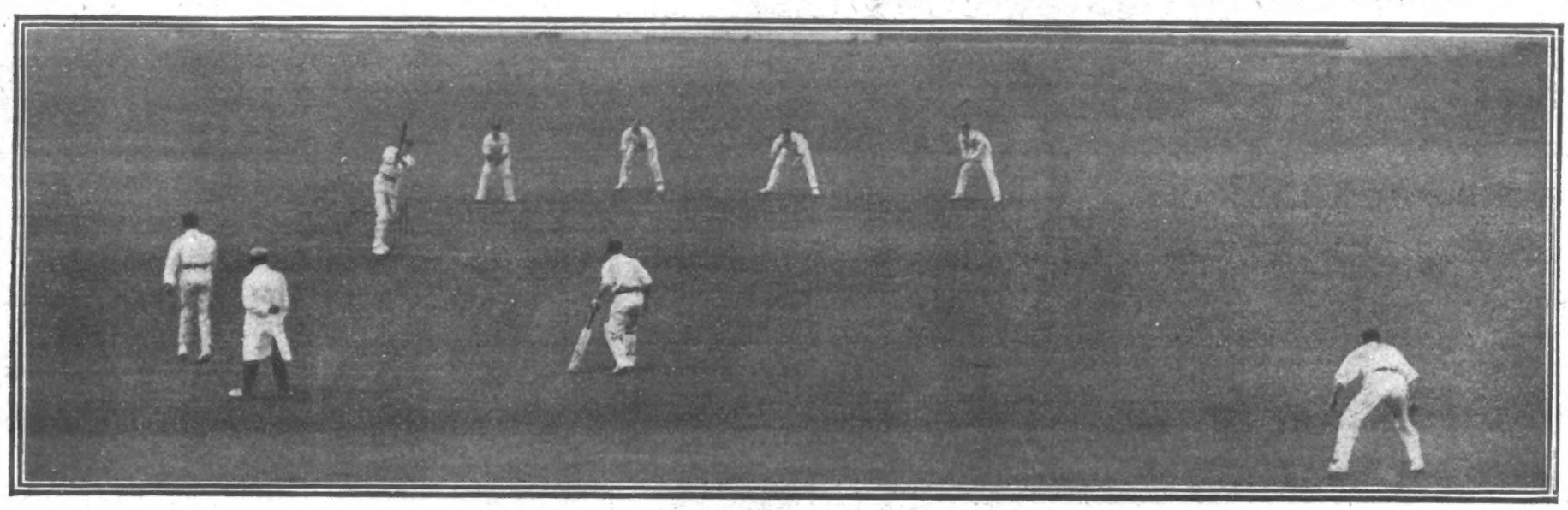
Photos. by Illustrations Bureau and P.I.P.

A STEAM-ROLLER, MEN WITH PICKS, AND A PILE OF CLINKERS.
All that is to be seen of this part of the Victoria Embankment just now. For further particulars apply to the drivers of carts, cabs, etc.

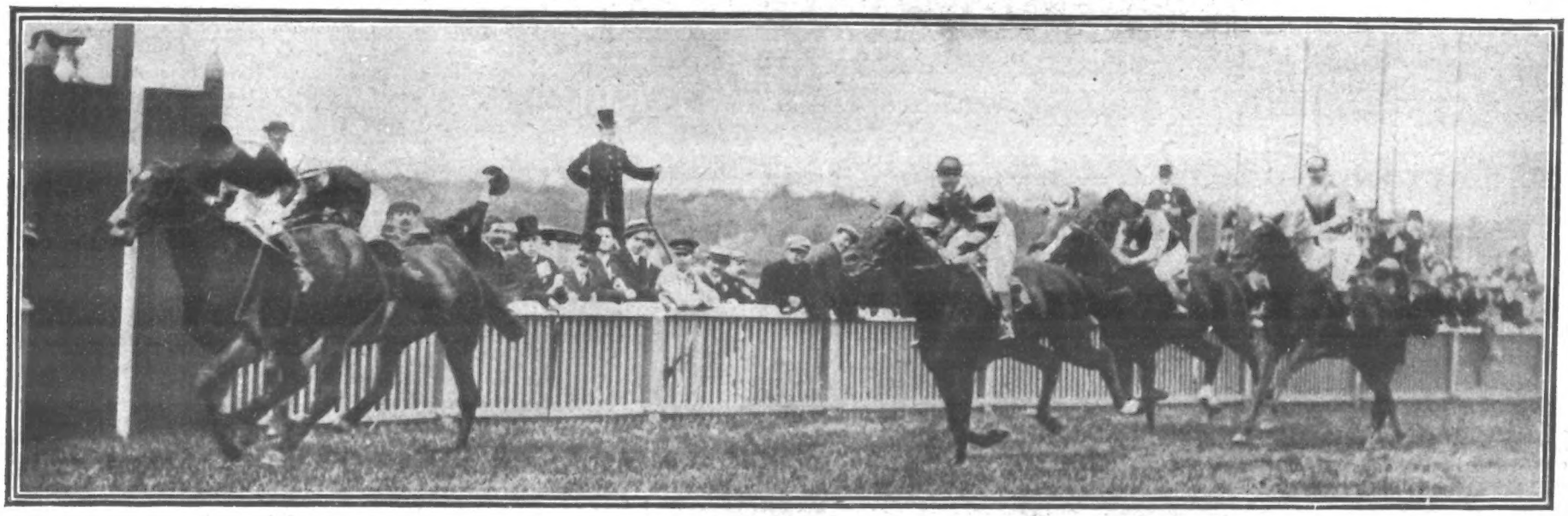


THE HASTINGS GYMKHANA.
Miss De Harries, the only lady competitor, at the "heads and posts"

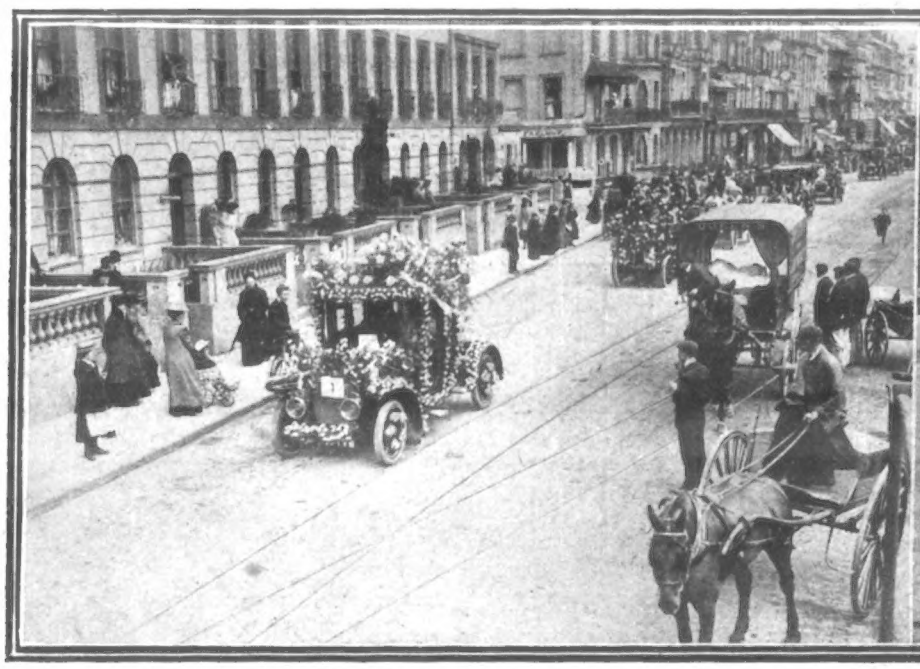
EDGE'S RECORD MOTOR RIDE OF 1581 MILES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
Mrs. Edge bids him good-bye with the words—"Good-bye! I am sure you will do it."



KENT v. ESSEX AT LEYTON.
After a good match Essex beat Kent. Our photograph shows Buckenham (Essex) bowling to Woolley.



THE KING'S HORSE, SLIM LAD, WINS THE SANDRINGHAM STAKES ON HIS MAJESTY'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.



THE MOTOR GYMKHANA AT HASTINGS.
The decorated cars passing along the front of Hastings and St. Leonards.

THE L.A.C. SUMMER MEETING.
The race for the Mile Challenge Cup. K. Hellstrom, on the right, was the winner.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WITH the first of the "test" matches, the 'Varsity match, Newmarket races, Henley Regatta, the finals of the Lawn Tennis Championships, and the A.A.A. Championships all crowded into six days, this week's programme of sport has given ample scope for reflection as to which particular event or events should be patronised. How keen is the love for cricket, however, was fully illustrated at Lord's on Monday, when over 20,000 spectators saw England make their big total of 428 against the then unbeaten South Africans. They saw, too, Len Braund make the first century against the tourists, and, in addition, Gilbert Jessop gave the African bowlers a taste of his real qualities as a smiter. Braund's 104 was a magnificent innings, but the 93 of the Gloucestershire captain was more appreciated by the majority of the onlookers. Jessop's inclusion was criticised, but he justified his presence to the full. Tyldesley also batted finely, and C. B. Fry, who was a "doubtful starter" last Saturday, helped to break down the bowling of the dreaded Schwarz.

Unfortunately, the weather still continues to exercise a deterrent effect on outdoor pastimes, and especially on cricket. I need scarcely say that most players are grumbling at the untoward conditions, and many of them think, as I do, that the placings in the county championship table would have been far different if we had experienced real cricket weather even for half the time that has elapsed since the first-class season began. There are some counties which hold higher positions than they should, while others are too low down for their form to be really true.

These remarks do not apply to the position of Notts and Middlesex, who, so far, have shown excellent cricket, though each was in danger of defeat from Essex. I was thinking rather of Kent, whose sudden dropping from the head of the list to a very moderate place has been a source of much regret to all admirers of a real sporting county team. Nobody will gainsay the fact that their luck has been dead out.

They came down badly in their match with Essex at Leyton last week-end, and suffered their fourth defeat of the season; but they were without Mason, Dillon, Blaker, Burnup, Hutchings, and Fielder, nearly all of whom are up to "test" match quality. But, all the same, Essex are to be congratulated on their all-round excellence, Douglas, Buckenham, and Fane all coming out of the encounter with flying colours. If I mistake not we shall see Douglas earn the highest honours ere long.

Surrey's match with Warwickshire was drawn, the heavy thunderstorm of Saturday last preventing the match being played out. Surrey made 367 in their first innings, to which the Midland county replied with 209. Surrey then scored 283 for three wickets. Hobbs played a very fine innings of 150, and was not out at the declaration, thereby atoning for his first innings' failure. Warwickshire had made 165 for two wickets when the storm stopped further progress, so they had the worst of the draw.

Leicestershire had a narrow escape from defeat at the hands of Yorkshire, as the ex-champions played so well that every man on the side scored double figures, with the exception of Wilfrid Rhodes, who made 112, and the total attained 515 before the end of the innings was reached. Only a plucky stand by Coe and Vivian Crawford saved the situation, the former making 72 (not out) and the latter 84.

There was an exciting finish to the match between Hampshire and Sussex at Portsmouth. Hampshire were rather lucky in effecting a draw, as they had only one wicket to go down with 81 runs yet to be obtained when time put an end to the encounter. Hampshire had not only the satisfaction of escaping defeat, but the match was also a financial success.

Considering the bad luck they have so far experienced this season one cannot begrudge a victory to Northamptonshire, but those who follow the game closely would wish that their latest success had been over a more successful county than Derbyshire. However, it was fated that one unfortunate side was to beat another, and it was also gratifying that such a sterling cricketer as George Thompson should have had such a big hand in the victory. In the match he took twelve wickets at the small cost of 94 runs, and thanks to him his county proved successful by eight wickets.

Worcestershire made a rare hash of Gloucestershire. They had first knock, and hit up 447. To this their opponents responded with 182 and 156, and were consequently beaten by an innings and 109 runs. England's captain, R. E. Foster, had a big hand in the victory, as he played faultless cricket for 144. Burrows also made a century, and hit with power and precision in the making of 112.

Cambridge University were subjected to a severe test against a team styled Gentlemen of England, at Eastbourne. They had to face such bowlers as W. Brearley, F. J. V. Hopley, R. P. Keigwin, and R. T. Crawford, and they may be considered to have done well in losing by only four wickets.

LAWN-TENNIS.

Though the course of the lawn-tennis championships this season has not been a smooth one, there has been much to enthuse over at Wimbledon. It was a thousand pities that last Saturday's thunderstorm should mar the proceedings, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and this was not the only misfortune, for some of our English players either met with mishaps or were unable to do themselves justice. Perhaps the best struggle seen at the meeting was that between Brookes and Wilding. It was a meeting of giants at the game, and Doherty himself could not have given a finer display than Brookes, who, however, had the toughest of tasks to defeat the New Zealander. I shall touch on the finals in next week's *P.I.P.*

MOTORING.

Many extraordinary exploits stand to the credit of Mr. S. F. Edge, but the chief of them all is his latest feat. The celebrated cyclist and motorist had laid himself out to ride 1440 miles in twenty-four hours on the new motor-track at Weybridge—an average speed of 60 miles an hour. Not only did he succeed in his endeavour, but he accomplished the wonderful performance of covering 1581 miles 1310 yards between six o'clock last Friday evening, and six o'clock on the following evening. And this despite tyre troubles and a broken cement track towards the finish. Mr. Edge was accompanied by two other Napier cars—the white and the red Napier—but these were steered by alternate drivers, whereas Mr. Edge had sole control of his machine. The white car covered 1538 miles 160 yards, and the red car 1521 miles 80 yards. Previous to last Saturday, the record for twenty-four hours was held by the American drivers, Merz and Clemens, who covered 1096 miles at Philadelphia two years ago, so that Mr. Edge was well over 485 miles ahead of them at the end of his memorable run.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The L.A.C. are dead out of luck with their fixtures this season. Their second spring meeting, a little over a month ago, was quite spoilt by rain; and now their summer gathering has been ruined by a severe thunderstorm; but the officials of the leading club completed their programme with the exception of one event, and that one which can be decided during an evening in the week—the 220-yards members' challenge cup.

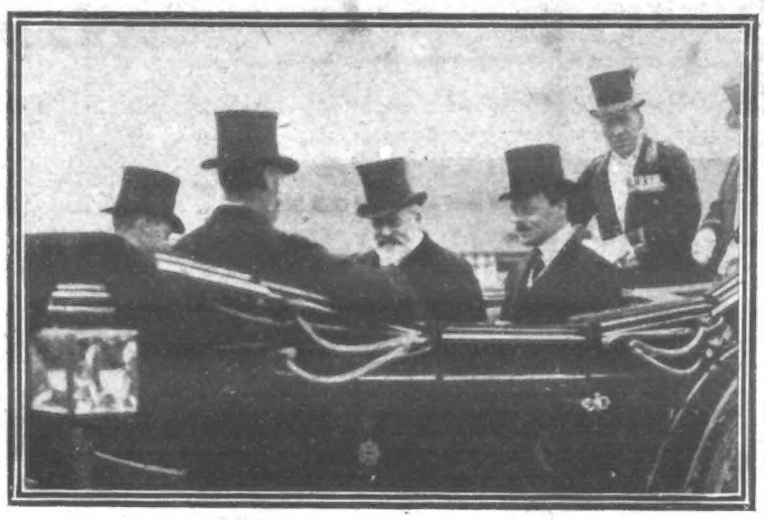
Naturally the quality of the sport suffered, but up to the downpour there had been some good racing. The 100-yards open handicap was won by H. E. Travis, of the Kennington Harriers, who, with 8½ yards start, did 10 sec. The mile challenge cup was captured by K. Hellström, the Swedish champion, who occupied 4 min. 31 3-5 sec. for the journey, and O. Groenings secured the hurdles challenge cup, and the handicap in that branch of sport, his time for the scratch race being 16 2-5 sec., and in the other he did 19 2-5 sec., owing 18 yards.

A. J. Simmonds, Blackheath H., 47 yards start, won the half-mile in 1 min. 58 3-5 sec., and the quarter fell to A. H. Lilley, L.A.C., in 51 1-5 sec., his allowance being 28 yards. H. A. Leeke, L.A.C., put the weight 36 ft. 10½ in., and E. E. B. May, of the promoting club, threw the hammer 131 ft. 8 in. E. E. Leader, L.A.C., won the high jump with 5 ft. 5 in., and L. F. Tremeer retained his holdership of the 100 yards challenge cup in 10 2-5 sec.

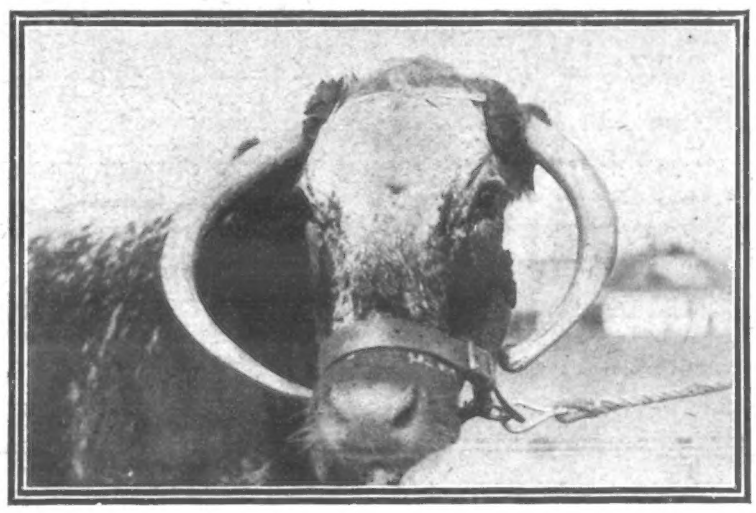
Scotland and Ireland met for the thirteenth time in their annual contests,

(*Continued on page 8.*)

THE KING AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, LINCOLN.

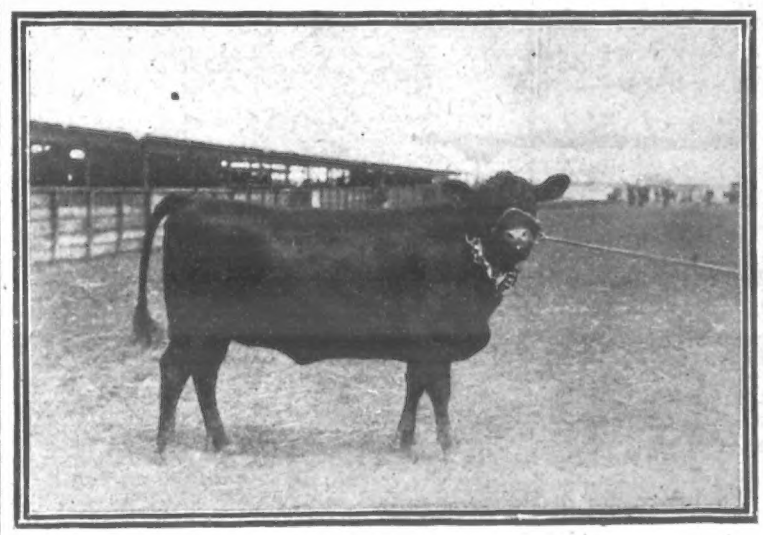


THE KING ARRIVES, AND SMILES WHEN HE HEARS THAT HIS EXHIBITS HAVE WON PRIZES.



W. HANSON SALE'S LONGHORN COW, LADY PANZA, FIRST PRIZE.

THE KING'S PEN OF SOUTHDOWN EWE LAMBS, FIRST PRIZE.



SIR R. COOPER'S RED-POLLED HEIFER, ASHLYNS MAID, FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPION.

SKIN TROUBLES OF SUMMER

Every season has its influence on the skin. Insect bites, heat spots, rashes, sunburn, and scorched skin, which is frequently the starting point of eczema, are ailments which prevail during the summer and autumn. Take good advice. Never apply cold cream or other greasy preparations to your face. The most such emollients can do is to cool the inflamed or burning skin, but they are destitute of curative virtues, and if the skin is naturally inclined to be greasy, preparations of this kind only increase the trouble. "Antexema," on the contrary, possesses striking advantages. It cools and soothes the hot and irritated skin, instantly arrests the further progress of the complaint, and quickly effects a complete cure. That is why "Antexema" should find a place on every dressing table, and in every travelling bag.

Mothers and Nurses

know by experience that nothing chafes so easily as baby's sensitive skin, and the natural effect of this is to make baby fretful and irritable. This is one of the little ailments of childhood that is easily cured. You have only to apply "Antexema," and the chafing and irritation will

"Antexema" will remove all skin blemishes immediately.

disappear as if by magic. For nettlerash, breakings out of any kind, ringworm, or any other infantile skin ailment, "Antexema" is the one sure, safe, and speedy cure.

The point we are most anxious to emphasise is the fact that

"Antexema" Cures Skin Illness

whatever the part affected, whether face, scalp, neck, arms, hands, chest, back, legs or feet. "Antexema" cures blackheads, itching and burning eczema, skin irritation, and all scaly pimply, blotchy troubles of the skin. "Antexema" cures barber's rash, facial blemishes, psoriasis, shingles, and all other painful, humiliating, and disfiguring complaints of the skin. Never forget that the tendency of skin troubles is to spread, get worse, and become chronic. Is it not a thousand times better to use "Antexema" *now*, effect a complete cure, and have a clear, healthy, spotless skin once again?

Time after time former sufferers write and tell us that they had tried so-called remedies for skin illness until they despaired of finding a cure. They tell us that they had been to different doctors and attended various hospitals, and each attempt at obtaining relief had ended in failure. Then, as a last despairing attempt, they tried "Antexema," and found what they had been seeking all along. Nothing is more striking than the regret they express that they did not hear of "Antexema" sooner. Don't waste time and money over attempts at getting cured that are foredoomed to failure, but obtain "Antexema" now, use it at once, and gain ease, comfort, and a complete cure.

Why not be cured?

Why go on suffering from eczema, or some other skin trouble? Why be miserable, wretched, and uncomfortable? Why run risks of even worse skin troubles than those that are at present afflicting you? We ask you why, because all such troubles are so entirely unnecessary.

Try "Antexema" to-day.

All chemists and stores supply "Antexema" at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, plain wrapped, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. If you would like to test the virtues of "Antexema" before purchasing, fill in coupon, or write a note mentioning the "P.I.P." and enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," and we will present you with a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules," the famous blood purifier. Send at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA
Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Fill in this coupon, enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, and receive with it a generous Free Trial of 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Granules.' The ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

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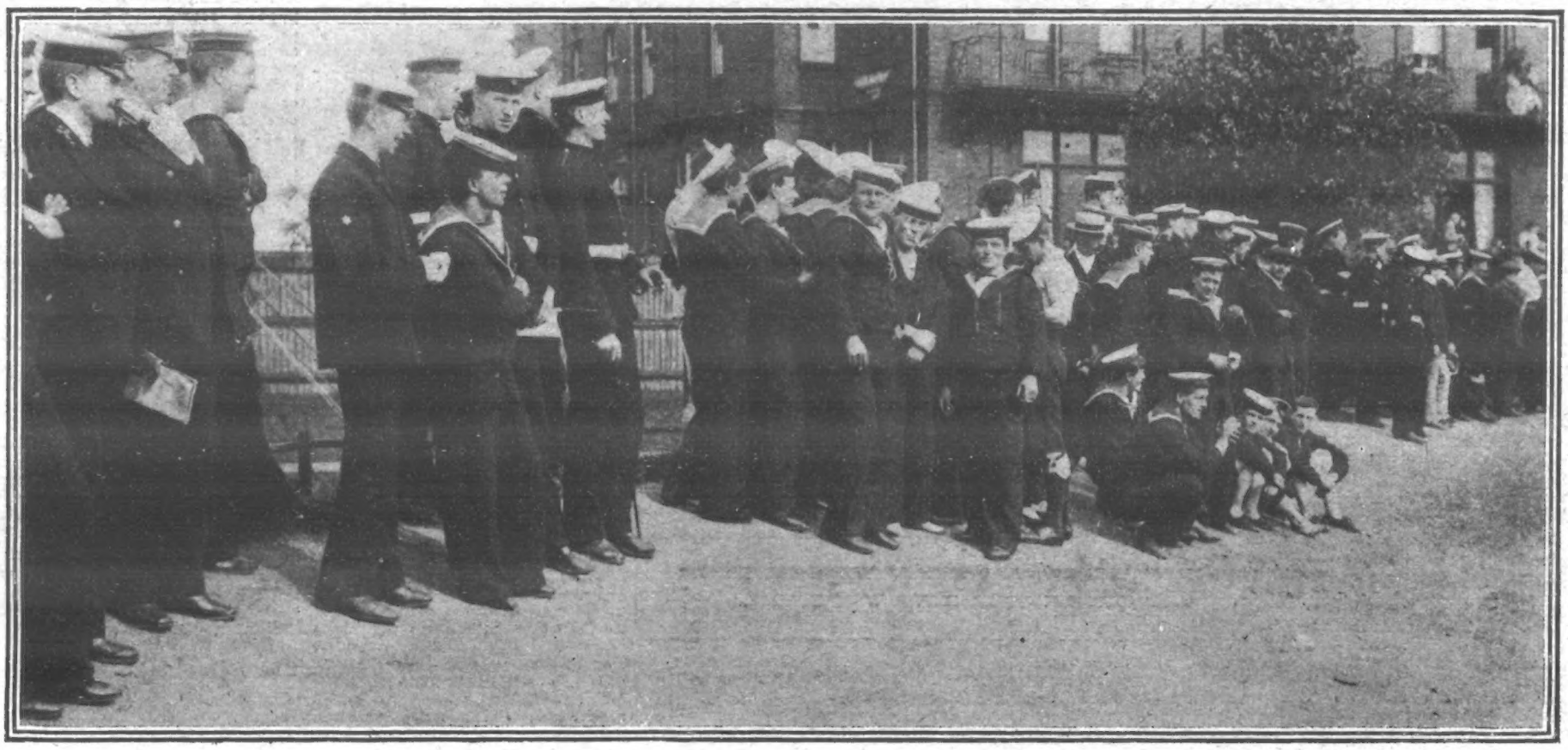
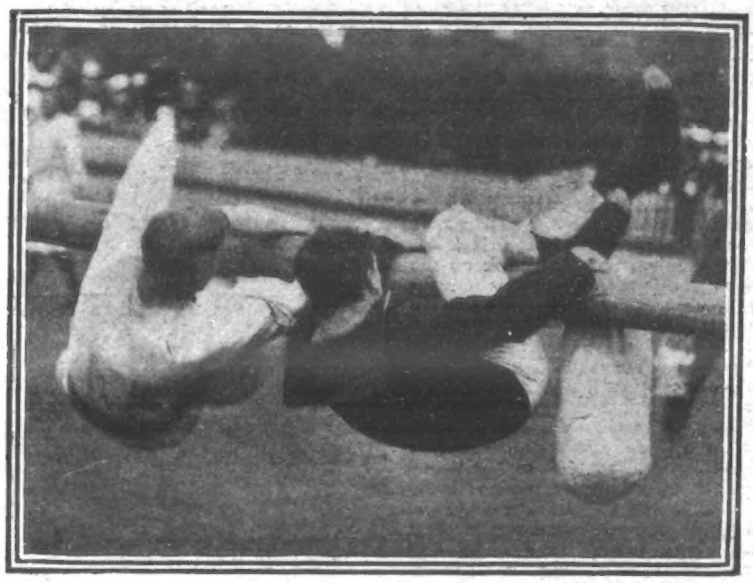
Penny Illustrated Paper, 6/7/07.

SAILORS AT PLAY AT YARMOUTH.



SAILORS FROM THE CHANNEL FLEET LYING OFF YARMOUTH CAME ON SHORE LAST WEEK, AND ENJOYED SOME INTERESTING AND AMUSING SPORTS. A GROUP OF SPECTATORS.



A PILLOW FIGHT: THE CONTESTANTS IN DIFFICULTIES.

and the sons of the "distressful country" won by six events to five. J. Fairbairn-Crawford secured the half-mile for the winners, and had the distinction of beating the previous best time for Scotland by two-fifths of a second, the watch recording 1 min. 57 1-5 sec.

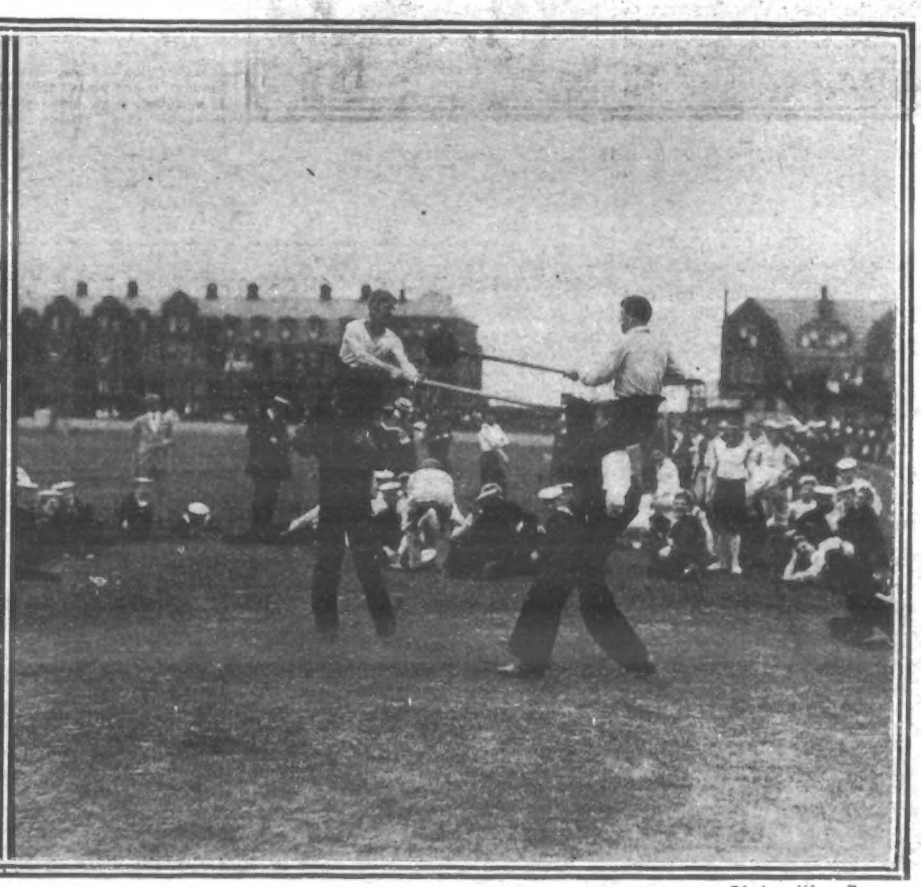
T. R. Nicholson threw the hammer 153 ft. 7 in. for Scotland, but Ireland secured the 100 yards in 10 2-5 sec., through P. J. Roche, and the same runner accounted for the 220 yards, in which he equalled the previous Irish best of 22 4-5 sec. Con Leahy's high jump of 6 ft. was very good, and his long jump of 21 feet 9¾ in. also. The mile of 4 min. 22 1-5 sec., by the Bellahouston Harrier, John McGough, deserves special praise. J. O'Rourke placed the quarter to the credit of Ireland in 51 sec. The four-miles was taken by T. Jack, the weight by T. Kirkwood with a put of 44 ft. 3 in., after which R. S. Stronach easily won the hurdles in 16 2-5 sec.

At the Wolverhampton A.C. Sports, the champion, J. W. Morton, proved that he is already in form by winning the 100-yards invitation scratch race somewhat easily from a brother South London Harrier, J. P. George. The time, 10 2-5 sec., was certainly not great; but when a man is not extended, there is no saying how much he had in hand. Another clubmate of his, E. H. Montague, was first in the 300-yards invitation scratch race, in 33 3-5 sec.; and, altogether, it was a good day for members of the Croydon pack.

The Welsh amateur championships, held on the ground of the Newport Athletic Club last Saturday, did not present many features of special interest. Indeed, most of the events were secured by men who can only be described as handicap performers, and not too good at that. The running of the Essex champion sprinter, J. Austin Miller, and the walking of the Swansea man, A. Yeoumans, were the only outstanding performances, the former taking the 100-yards in 10 3-5 sec., and the latter the two-miles walk in 14 min. 46 4-5 sec.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

COMPETITORS RECEIVING A WETTING WHILE TILTING THE BUCKET.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

AN EXCITING MOP FIGHT, WHICH CAUSED CONSIDERABLE AMUSEMENT TO ONLOOKERS.

ENGLAND'S HOME FOR HEROES.

The King Opens the Union Jack Club.

Photo. Nicholls.

THE SIMPLE WOODEN CROSSES THAT MARK THE GRAVES OF THE SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR. IT IS IN MEMORY OF THESE HEROES AND THOSE WHO FELL IN THE CHINESE WARS THAT THE UNION JACK CLUB HAS BEEN BUILT.

THE IMPOSING PREMISES OF THE UNION JACK CLUB IN WATERLOO ROAD.

THE Union Jack Club, which is a memorial to those gallant soldiers who fell in the South African and other recent campaigns, was opened by the King last Monday. Here the soldier or sailor will find all the real and essential comforts of a good club. Everything will be done to meet his reasonable wishes. No sectarian influences will be obtruded upon him. He will have a large share in the control and government of the club. He will be fully provided with amusements. Six billiard tables are already installed to give him means of relaxation. There will be an ample supply of bed-rooms, and the price charged will be such as to be well within even his modest means, while he will not be called upon to forfeit cleanliness.

Alcoholic drinks are provided as they are in military canteens. The prices, as we have pointed out, will be low. Under existing circumstances, a soldier or sailor has usually to pay 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. for a room holding three or four men, this defraying the cost of bed and breakfast of a rasher of bacon. That amount is the charge of the poorer class of lodgings. At a small hotel the price of bed and breakfast runs up to 3s. 6d., and this is almost universally without a bath. At the club the charge for a bed will be about 9d. and 3d. for a bath, in clean and wholesome surroundings. The saving to the men will be great, and the gain in comfort above all estimation. The scale for food will be based on the same low figures.

Thus the Union Jack Club will be of immense value to the privates and able seamen of the Army and Navy.

At the opening ceremony Sir Edward Ward handed the address to his Majesty, who replied as follows—

"It is a very great pleasure to me that I am able, with the Queen, to be here to-day at the inauguration of the Union Jack Club. In the name of the Navy and Army I accept from you, for the use and benefit of the men of my fighting services, the spacious and well-equipped clubhouse which you have provided for their comfort and convenience.

"I could not have inaugurated this institution to-day if it were still hampered with debt; and I am particularly pleased that, owing to the special efforts which have been made, and in large measure to the generosity of two individuals, the remaining liability of £16,000 has been met within the last two or three weeks.

"The cause is a good one, and it has touched many hearts. This club is established as an appreciation of the splendid services of my Navy and Army in the South African and Chinese wars, and as a national memorial to those who lost their lives in those campaigns. The feeling of appreciation and gratitude is universal throughout my dominions—and, alas! there are many who, in contributing to a national memorial to the dead, have had a personal loss to commemorate, a private sorrow to assuage."

Sir E. Ward, addressing Queen Alexandra, said—"I have the honour, on behalf of the council of the Union Jack Club, to present to you the record of special subscriptions, which now amount to the sum of £22,000."

The King then declared the Club open, amid loud cheers.

Photo. Topical.

MISS ETHEL McCAUL, THE FOUNDER OF THE CLUB.

THE TRUE HOME RULE. Use Keating's!" It kills Fleas, Flies, Bugs, Beetles, and all kinds of insect pests. Nits in children's heads. Is harmless to animals. None genuine without the signature, Thomas Keating, Chemist, London. Sold in Tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (full), 9d. Of all Chemists, Grocers, and Oilmen.—ADVT.

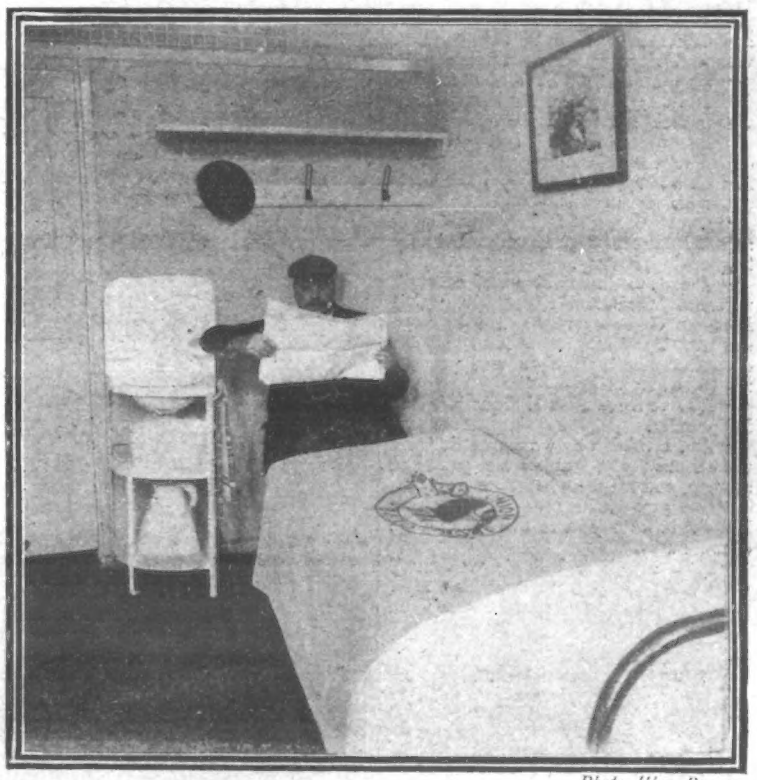
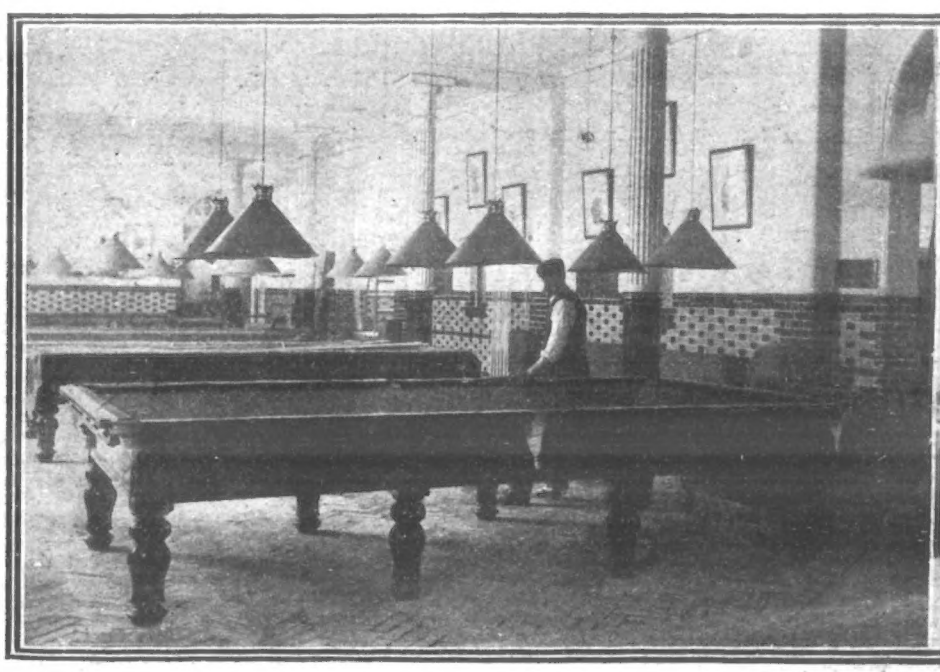
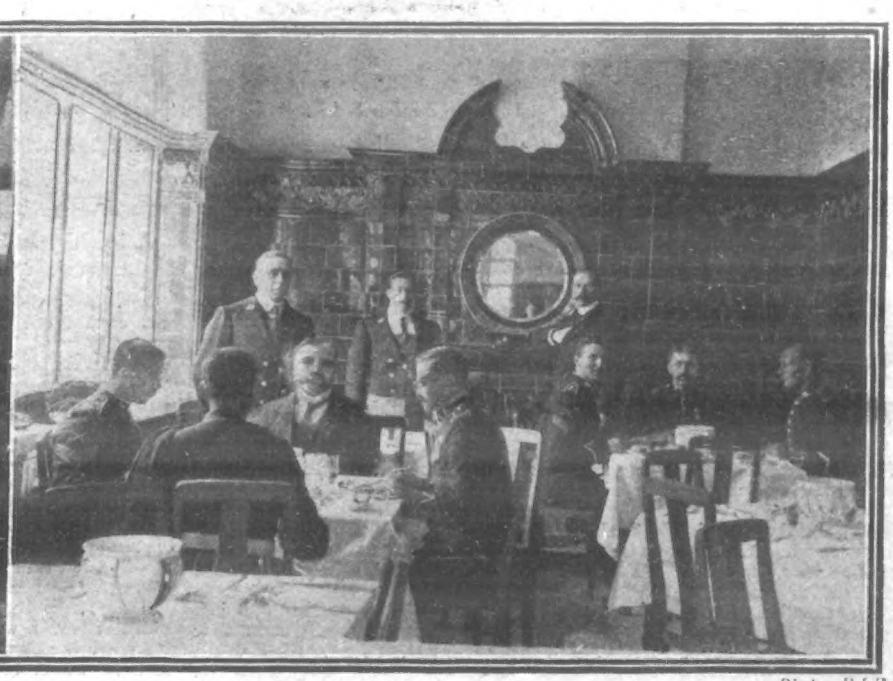


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THIS ROOM FOR NINEPENCE. THESE BEDROOMS, AS SHOWN IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH, ARE MODELS OF NEATNESS, COMFORT AND UTILITY.

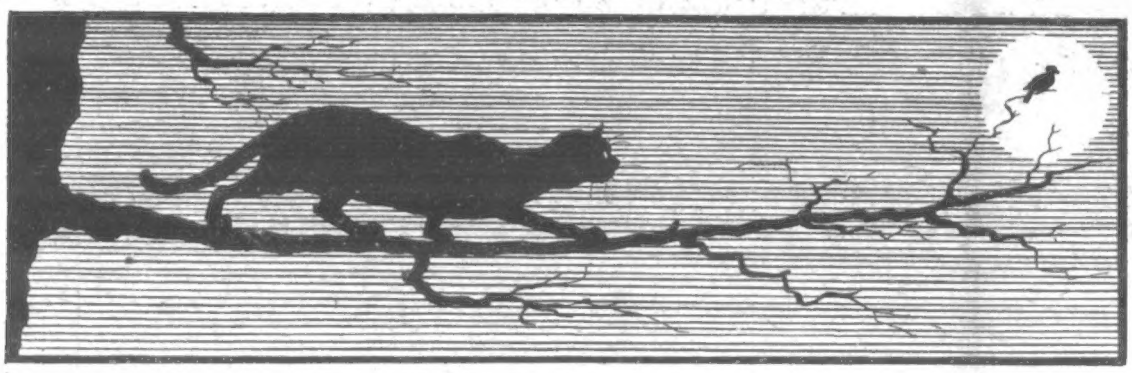


INMATES OF THE CLUB WILL NOT BE WITHOUT THEIR AMUSEMENTS, AND SIX FINE BILLIARD-TABLES ARE READY FOR USE.



Photos. P.I.P.

ONE OF THE DINING-ROOMS, WITH A GROUP OF SOLDIERS ALREADY IN POSSESSION.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

MacPEEVER JOINS THE MASONS.

ONE of the most successful humorous books of the year is undoubtedly the modestly priced little volume by Mr. A. P. Macdonald, entitled "The MacPeever Wrangles." From first to last there is an abundance of humour to be found in its pages, and even Mark Twain, the acknowledged king of humorists, has very highly praised the little book. The following is an amusing extract concerning Mr. MacPeever's adventures as a Mason—

"I passed through the supreme test imposed on me wi' every credit," admitted MacPeever grandly.

"That wud be tallyin' up the fees in advance, nae doot," jeered Mrs. MacPeever. "They wudna gie muckle credit for them, I 'm thinkin'."

Although this was a shaft sped at a venture, it went home, for her surmise happened to be strictly correct. The greater the truth the greater the libel, and MacPeever rose to the occasion with a dignity that was magnificent.

"Jean Rattray," he addressed her freezingly, "a' your feminine satire wudna mak' me reveal the grim secrets o' this past evenin'. Nor yet your crafty female blandishments." (Jean had set a most appetising plate of stew under his very nose.)

"I 'm no' wantin' to ken ony o' your secrets," she snapped, with obviously feigned indifference.

"There are some things, of course," reflected MacPeever relentingly, "that I 've no' been exactly sworn to keep secret. They 're kind o' left to my ain discretion like, and if ye wud promise no' to tell onybody——"

"Dae ye think I wud?" queried Jean indignantly.

"Ay, I think ony woman wud," was the callous reply, "unless she promised secrecy, and maybe whether or no'!"

"Gang on wi' your recital. I 'm sure I 'll no' br'ak my he'rt ower a package o' mummery."

"A' richt, then, I 'll gie ye some," and with an impressive air, which Mrs. MacPeever struggled against in vain, he began—

"When the Tyler——",

"Whatna t'ilor?"

"There ye go interruptin' me the instant I open my lips to speak. It 's easy seen women wud never dae to be Masons. Tyler, in Masonic parlance, means doorkeeper."

"And what micht be their code word for a retired grocer, like yoursel', for instance?"

"If ye ask ony mair fuilish questions," MacPeever informed her, "I 'll stop. When the Tyler ushered me into a pitch-dark room, wi' my een bandaged——"

"Whatever was the use of the bandage, if it was pitch-dark?"

"I was gagged, so I didna ask, and if ye 've got such a thing as a gag aboot ye, I wish ye wud wear it till I 've told ye the story. My airms had been bound to my sides."

"That 's what they dae wi' lunatics. Are ye sure ye were at the richt place?"

MacPeever groaned in despair.

"If ye must speak, guidwife, ye micht try to think in proportion aforehand. As I was tellin' ye, my ankles and knees had likewise been tied rigidly tegither."

"I thocht ye said ye were ushered in. Hoo did ye walk?"

"I was ushered in on a stretcher, and then duly stood on end."

"What end?"

"What end dae ye think? Could I stand on my heid? And then a hollow voice bade me beware no' to tak' a single step forward, as I valued my life."

"A gey needless precaution that, and you dressed up like a deid hen!"

"They were surely better to tell me afore they untied me than efter, for when they 'd cut my bonds and bandages I was left standin' on the edge o' a yawnin' chasm o' a cellar."

"Hoo did ye ken, if the place was pitch-dark?"

"I didna ken till the licht was turned on, and then the sicht that met my gaze wud hae tested the strongest nerve. Everybody but mysel' was shrouded frae tap to tae in black cloaks, faces and a', barrin', slits to see through."

"What a comical lot they wud look. Did ye no' lauch?"

"No. Nor ye wudna hae lauched either if ye 'd been commanded, as I was, to descend that unfathomable abyss (by means o' a danglin' rope-ladder), twelve rungs, nae mair and nae less.

"And as I disappeared frae mortal view a trap-door closed abune my heid, an' a' was black.

"Cool, calm, and collected, the applause was deefenin'. Havin' passed through the grand nerve test, I was formally proposed as a full-fledged Mason. But it was just here that the real trouble began. The question was asked, 'Can Colin MacPeever keep a secret?' and somebody replied (seemingly in the direct negative) by statin' that 'Colin MacPeever is a mairried man,' at which a moan o' sympathy welled up frae a' that vast assemblage."

"It there was ony real sympathy wellin' up it wud be for your wife."

"I raither thocht it was for me, but ye can judge frae what followed. The question was then put, 'Can Colin MacPeever's wife keep ony secret she worms oot o' him?'

"The full-voiced answer rang oot, 'No,' at which there was an obvious sensation."

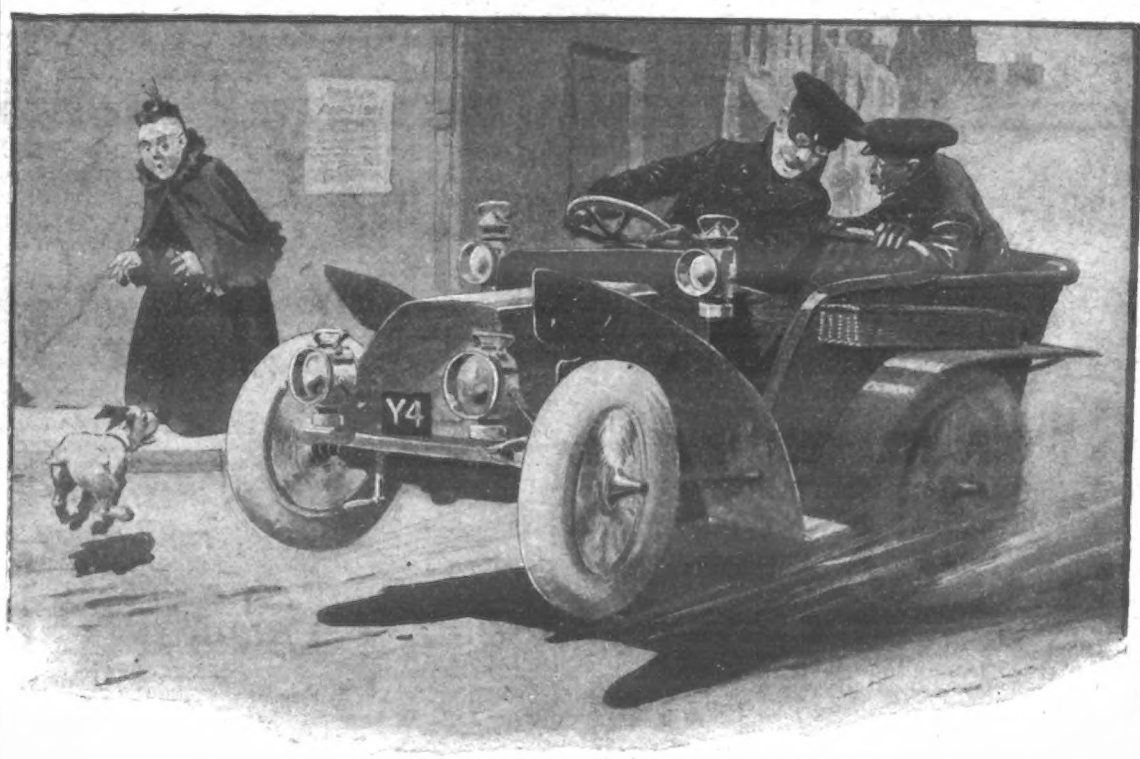
"I should say there ocht to be, The wretch! Did ye no' choke the life oot o' him for his slanderous utterance?"

"No. I was aboot choked mysel' wi' cobwebs (obtained in the cellar), and, as a maitter o' fact, I raither agreed wi' him. Of coorse, if this recital's giein' ye pain, I 'll stop."

"Ye 'd better no', my certie. I 'll sift this oot."

"That 's just what ye 're no' to dae. Ye promised to keep quiet, nae matter what ye heard. And, besides, the whole affair's been sifted oot for ye. Evidence was then led, and the man deponed, took oath, and said that nineteen years ago—to gang nae further back—Colin MacPeever was a tenant o' his. That, on sundry vexatious pretexts, the said Colin MacPeever wheedled him into knockin' a pound off the rent on the expleecit understandin' that it was to be kept quiet frae the neebours in the land. That the aforesaid Colin MacPeever, instead o' puttin' the siller in his pouch like a sensible man, and sayin' naething aboot it, went strecht hame, told his wife o' his triumph, and handed over the fruits o' his rapacity. That, havin' occasion to visit his property that same efternoon, the deponent was fair overwhelmed by a deluge o' unscrupulous women, clamourin' like the daughters o' the horse-leech, for a pound off their rents, the same as Mrs. MacPeever had been boastin' she 'd got, and that there was one unprincipled vixen wanted thirty shillin's. Frae that day, averred the deponent, owin' to Mrs. MacPeever's incautious words, his life was a burden to him, and he only lost the burden, and very near his life, when the hooses fell in, kind o' spontaneous like, twa or three years later——"

Who won we need not ask, for it looks odds on Mr. MacPeever; but readers must judge for themselves.



WHAT HE DESIRED.

CHAUFFEUR.—"I-I-I 've lost control, sir: the brakes have gone wrong!"

ANXIOUS OWNER.—"Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap."

Seized His Chance.

A hayrick caught fire on a remotely situated farm, and the flames, spreading rapidly, threatened destruction to the house. Accordingly, all the furniture was carried out into the yard, and a small boy was told off to watch it while the adults extinguished the fire.

After hours of ceaseless effort the flames were subdued, and the perspiring farmer turned his attention to the furniture. But, to his dismay, every stick of it had vanished.

"Where 's it gone?" he demanded of the boy in charge.

"The fireman took it," explained the boy.

"The fireman!" the farmer repeated. "What sort of fireman?"

"A long-nosed chap, with red whiskers and a whoppin' big helmet. He piled the furniture on a cart, and said he would take it to a place of safety."

Then the farmer wrung his hands.

"Place of safety be jiggered!" he cried. "It 's gone for ever. That long-nosed feller 's no more a fireman than I am. He 's the broker's man, whom I 've kept at bay for six months, and he 's collared all the furniture for the back rent!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

After the Collision.

Slowly the lumbering motor-van snorted its way into a broad stream of traffic. Then there was a sudden whirring of wheels, a loud snap, and the motor-van and a cab were hopelessly mixed together.

A policeman appeared on the scene, note-book in hand.

"I shall have to take your number," he said to the driver of the motor. "Let 's see! What is it? Oh, 1588. All right."

"Garn!" said the man in charge of the cart immediately behind. "That ain't its number. That 's the year it was built!"—*Chums.*

The Difference.

"What is there," asked the schoolmaster, "in connection with George Washington that distinguishes him from all other Americans?"

"He always told the truth, Sir!" replied Jones minor brightly.

Knew All About it.

One of those men who are always sure and never make mistakes recently stopped at a small provincial hotel. On going to his room for the night he impressed on the landlord to call him in time for an early train. "Now, don't you forget. The five-thirty. That 's the train I want."

"But the five-thirty——" began the landlord.

"Never you mind about the five-thirty. I know all about it. You call me in time to get it. That 's what you 're to do. See?"

"All right, Sir," replied the landlord, a little nettled.

At five o'clock the next morning there was a tremendous thumping at the door of the man who wanted to rise for the "five-thirty." A voice from within called "All right!" and the landlord retired below.

The traveller soon appeared dressed for the day's journey. As he paid his bill the landlord inquired, briefly—

"Getting an early start, hain't ye, Sir?"

"No. Always take the five-thirty when I go through here."

"One of the directors of the railway, Sir?"

"No. What are you trying to get at?"

"Nothing. Only the five-thirty was taken off the time-table yesterday, and the first regular train doesn't get here till nine-sixteen. Didn't know but you had some official connection with the line, and was going to put on a special five-thirty all by yourself. You wouldn't let me tell you last night, but p'r'aps 'tain't too late now."

The man who "knew all about it" walked out of the hotel without a word, and waited for the nine-sixteen.

Modest.

The wily Chinaman needs no lessons in the art of advertising from the Western world. Here is an announcement of Indian Ink, which has been translated from a native newspaper—

"At the shop Tae-shing (prosperous in the extreme) very good ink, fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and myself make this ink. Fine and hard. Very hard. Picked with care, selected with attention.

"I sell very good ink. It is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles; so does this ink. No one makes like it.

"Plenty of mandarins know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name.

"As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the 'dragon's jewel,' the ink of Tae-shing."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

At Cross Purposes.

One of the witnesses in a recent County Court case was a young lady, who stepped briskly into the box on hearing her name called.

With all the usual ceremony, the usher administered the oath, and, holding the Testament towards her, he said, in his most polite manner—

"Kiss."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, not without indignation.

"Kiss," remarked the usher, with a gesture of impatience.

"I am not in the habit——"

"Will you kiss the book, please," interrupted the usher hurriedly, "and tell his honour what you know of this matter?"

"Yes, certainly," murmured the lady, with a blush; "pardon my not understanding you."

Aunty Doted.

Willie had been a very bad boy in school that day. He had made little inky pellets of blotting-paper and thrown them about the room, had stuck a number of steel pen-nibs into his desk for use as a kind of musical instrument, and had generally constituted a serious impediment to steady work on the part of his school-fellows. Consequently, the weary master decided that he should be kept back after school to compose a piece of literature.

"William," he said sternly, when all the other boys had gone, "go to your desk and write an essay on——" But, stop! I 'll make it easier for you. Write a sentence containing the word 'antidotes.'"

Some minutes passed, and then Willie placed a screed silently before the dominie and fled.

This was his sentence—

"My aunty dotes on bonnets, chocolates, matinays, novels, ottomobiles, and Mr. Robertson."

With one bound the master was at the door, but too late, for Willie was nowhere to be seen.—*Answers.*

Some Dont's For Cricketers.

Don't carefully explain how many yards the ball broke in from the "off" when you happen to be bowled first ball. No one believes you.

Don't tell your friends, when you are going in to bat with the hope of making a century, that you "won't be long." Many a true word is spoken in jest.

Don't curse the weather if it rains, just because you happen to have brought your best girl to see you bat. It is probably a blessing in disguise.

Don't join a first-class club as an amateur, and then get appointed deputy-sub-assistant secretary. It causes talk.

Don't think that because you can hit a cricket-ball you are entitled to air your views on the game in the Press. I do not play cricket, so I am entitled to give hints.

Don't look unconcerned if you drop a simple catch. Rub your hands as if it hurt, and do your best to fall over. Anyhow, make a big fuss.—W. Burton Baldry, in *London Opinion.*

The Last Straw.

An old beadle in one of the churches in a Scottish town, who had seen out five ministers, was rather taken aback when the newly-appointed minister began to draw his attention to some other way of doing certain parts of his work. For six months the old man patiently submitted to the renewed directions.

At last, being told that the water which the young minister required in the pulpit was not always clean, the old man spoke his mind freely.

"Ay, ye maun be very dry—a gey sicht drier than them I served afore ye. Tak' the keys o' yer kirk; I 've had very little credit o' them since ye cam' intilt."

THE REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE; OR, THE PEER AND THE PERI," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

1. The doom of the fairy for her mortal love: "Death thy doom, and thou shalt die."—2. Strephon (speaking to the Lord Chancellor of his own love, Phyllis, the ward): "Against the world I claim my darling's hand."—3. The Lord Chancellor, having himself resolved to marry Phyllis, discovers that his fairy wife Iolanthe still lives: "Iolanthe, thou livest!"—4. Strephon tells the Lord Chancellor that the voice of all nature commands him (Strephon) to marry Phyllis. Strephon: "Are you Chancellor of birds and trees, King of the winds, and Prince of thunderclouds?" The Chancellor: "No—it's a nice point."—5. The half-mortal Strephon (nearly five-and-twenty), with his eternally seventeen-year-old fairy mother, Iolanthe: "Quick, my veil."—6. The happy ending. Reading from left to right: Strephon (Mr. Henry A. Lytton), Phyllis (Miss Clara Dow), The Queen of the Fairies (Miss Louie Réné), Iolanthe (Miss Jessie Rose), the Lord Chancellor (Mr. C. H. Workman).—[*Photos. Dover Street Studios.*]

POACHERS OF THE RIVER.

The word "poacher" is familiar to most people, but the majority only think of it in connection with the trapping of hares, pheasants, etc. Few know, apparently, how much poaching is done on the river. Our picture illustrates a few methods adopted by fish-poachers. 1. A poacher pulling in a "foul" line. This is a number of hooks attached to one line, and when this is jerked through a shoal of fish a certain number are hooked, usually by the body. 2. Laying a small mine. When this explodes the fishes come to the surface—dead. 3. Ready to harpoon a fish. This requires a great deal of skill. 4. A fish landed on the spear. 5. Stowing away the booty. 6. The mine discharged by means of an electric battery. This form of poaching usually means a good catch for the poachers if they choose the scene of their operations well and carefully.

HANDING OVER A CASTLE.

The British Government has handed over to the States of Jersey the historic castle of Mont Orgueil. Standing on a high rocky promontory and overlooking the coast of Normandy, the castle once played a notable part in the French wars. The transfer was made in the name of the Government by Major-General H. S. Gough, Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey. The ceremony was an imposing one; the jurats and the rectors wore their red and black robes, and marched in procession to the outer gate of the castle. The Lieutenant-Governor then handed the keys of the castle to the chief magistrate, who in the name of the island accepted the gift from the Crown. A procession to the saluting battery at the summit of the castle followed.

FIRE-ENGINE RUNS AMOK.

TWO KILLED AND FIVE INJURED IN HOLIDAY DISASTER.

A RUNAWAY fire-engine spread dismay and death among a holiday crowd at Kirkham, near Blackpool, on Monday. The engine, which was drawn by two horses, and was in the annual club-day procession, got out of control on the steep descent in Poulton Street owing, it is alleged, to the lack of effective brakes, and dashed down the hill into a crowd at the bottom.

A schoolboy named Frank Hudson, of Wesham, was killed almost instantly by the wheels of the engine passing over his head. A Kirkham man named Edwin Balshaw sustained such terrible injuries that he died soon after.

The injured were—

William Hudson (father of the boy who was killed)—fractured skull and both legs broken.

John Swan, Wesham—shock and internal injuries.

Esther Johnson, Kirkham—collar-bone broken and internal injuries.

William Coupe, Kirkham—injured right hip.

James Newsome, Kirkham—broken ankles, lacerated finger, and shock.

Newsome was hurt in pluckily stopping one of the frightened horses, being dragged many yards. Mr. Hudson and the woman Johnson were both in a critical condition.

Superintendent Fleetwood and his firemen were on the engine when it got out of control, and the men dropped off as best they could. The superintendent stuck to his post. The reins snapped, and complete control of the horses was lost, but one of the men managed to slip the chain horse, which was caught by a police-constable, while the other animal continued on its wild career.

The terrible accident put an end to the day's festivities.

A SUCCESSFUL FIRM.

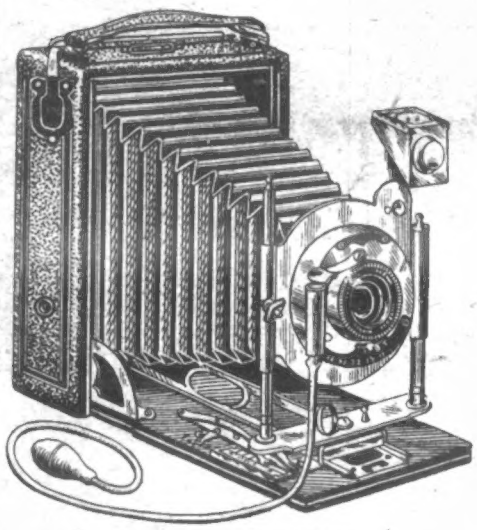
WE had the pleasure of inspecting the new premises of the Midland Furnishing Company at Southampton Row, Holborn, upon the occasion of the opening on July 1, and were very much struck with the splendid variety of furniture there set out. This Company started in quite a small way in Judd Street, King's Cross, some fifty years ago, and now has, through the able management of Mr. George Michael, been compelled to move into more spacious premises. All classes of the public are catered for in all the various periods and different styles of furniture demanded at the present day, and the man spending £10 is as well studied as the one spending his thousands.

THE COVENTRY PAGEANT.

UNABATED public interest continues to be taken in the "Lady Godiva Pageant." Miss Pansy Montagu, professionally known as "La Milo," has commenced active training, and may be seen almost daily riding on horseback for an hour and a-half in the mornings on Wimbledon Common. Occasionally, "La Milo" wends her way right into the heart of London, in order to acquire efficiency in the management of a spirited horse amidst the traffic in crowded streets. In connection with the forthcoming procession a novel suggestion emanates from Mr. Edward O'Brien, the well-known cycle dealer, of Coventry, who proposes that a lady should typify Coventry's commerce by appearing at the pageant mounted on a cycle. To this end Mr. O'Brien invites applications from suitable ladies who are willing to impersonate a Twentieth Century "Lady Godiva" by riding a cycle in the attire selected and approved by the Pageant Committee. Mr. Edward O'Brien had previously publicly offered "La Milo" the choice of any high-grade Coventry-made cycle for this purpose; but, as the Pageant Committee has definitely decided that "La Milo" shall faithfully follow the historical equine precedent, it is Mr. O'Brien's determination that an up-to-date "Lady Godiva" shall also occupy a prominent position in the procession mounted on the "iron steed" for which Coventry is famous the world over.

THIS £3 3s. 0d. CAMERA
AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

OWING to the long-delayed summer weather and the urgent necessity for making room for later season goods, we are compelled to dispose of the entire stock of our magnificent SATINO £3 3s. od. CAMERAS at any sacrifice.



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BELLOWS—Best Black Leather-lined.

LENS—Selected Single Achromatic View with Iris Diaphragm.

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SLIDES—Two Single Plate Holders.

BUSHES—Two for Tripod, for Horizontal or Vertical Pictures.

Brass Tripod Screw provided with each Camera.

WE LEAVE THE PRICE TO YOU.

You will observe by the full description given that this is a first-class camera of the latest pattern in every respect, and we will accept the best cash offers received, till our supply is exhausted, quite irrespective of the cost to ourselves. This is an offer that has never before been made by any firm. Send us by return a cheque or postal order for the amount the camera is worth to you, and the camera is yours; if you are too late your money will be refunded IN FULL.

If you are not prepared to pay the whole amount now, tell us the price you offer; send us just what deposit you choose, we will reserve the camera for you (if your offer is accepted) and you can pay the balance WHEN YOU LIKE, AS YOU LIKE, AND HOW YOU LIKE.

Does this offer appeal to you? If so, send your remittance AT ONCE, or you will be too late.

SATINO LTD., 6, Church Row, Aldgate, E.C.

FOR BUOYANT HEALTH!

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

RESISTS COLD AND DAMP

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY CUP.

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CAMBRIDGE

Direct from Lemons.

No added Acid.

"You cannot improve on it."

British Weekly.—"You certainly cannot improve upon Cambridge Lemonade as a beverage. You will find the lemonade most refreshing and pleasant; indeed you will probably prefer it to lemonade made from fresh lemons. It is quite the best cooling drink that I have tried for a long time."

4½d. Sufficient to make 2 gallons.

Sample bottle to make 1-gallon on receipt of a penny stamp.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge.

LEMONADE

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

ONE of the best ways by which the woman of limited dress allowance can secure variety in her wardrobe is by supplying herself with a number of made or unmade robes, and certainly the best medium for obtaining these is at sale time. Femininity owes a debt of gratitude to the era which introduced the robe, and seldom have I seen more attractive examples than those which are just now being offered at marvellously reduced prices. Possibly the unfavourable weather has had something to do with this, but although no one wishes to buy muslins to put away in a drawer, yet it is a fact that even the shortest summer can usually boast a few halcyon days in which cambrics and zephyrs are ardently longed for by the boating maid and the tennis girl. Moreover, there is no demarcation of season to the woman who has not a summer dress, and whether it rains or shines, hopeful and hospitable people will continue to issue invitations for garden-parties and picnics, and for such festivities as these there is but one style of dress appropriate. A full-length showerproof coat in fawn or grey coating, reduced to 17s. 9d., will enable the most anxious woman to wear the flimsiest summer gown with equanimity on such occasions.

Advantages of Sales.

Not only does a belated summer see exceptional bargains in the way of washing fabrics, but all other goods seem to be correspondingly reduced. Voile and colienne robes, which are suitable at any time of year, can be obtained in many charming designs for less than a guinea. The "Evelyn," which has a very pretty tucked skirt with a deep flounce, includes two yards of double-width material for bodice for 19s. 11d. The "Rita" is a very elegant robe in silk colienne at 21s. 9d. The "Kensington," at 23s. 9d., is in voile-de-soie, made with the new simple and graceful skirt, gathered full into the waist and finished at the foot with six graduated tucks. For the same price, the "Regent," in French wool voile, is trimmed with three rows of tucks and a taffeta silk band. Flounced skirt-slips are useful adjuncts to costumes of this description. In rustling taffatine or washing batiste, they may be bought, ready made, for 2s. 11½d., in white, cream, or black, or any shade can be made to order in three days.

Summer Costumes.

For changeable weather, a woven shot Swiss muslin robe, black ground with tiny white spots, may well be described as *en-tout-cas*. The price, 15s. 9d., is not very ruinous, and the charge against most washing dresses—that "they are never paid for"—can hardly be laid against this one, as, with careful wear and bar accidents, it should last fresh and clean a whole season. The skirt is very daintily made with three built-up flounces, piped with black; and the bodice would look pretty with a lace chemisette, cross-over vest, and kimono sleeves bordered with black; and the blouse part of the bodice made with three wide tucks folded over the shoulder, short puffed sleeves and swathed waistbelt, would complete a useful and pretty gown.

Dainty and Cheap.

When buying ready-made washing blouses care should be taken that the hooks are not common white ones, and if they are they should be taken off and good yellow ones substituted, as the common hooks rust when they are washed and spoil the appearance of a dainty blouse by causing spots of iron-mould. To take out these stains salts of lemon will be found invaluable. It should be placed in a saucer, and the stained part allowed to soak in it for a few minutes. Or the spots may be rubbed with a piece of clean linen dipped in the salts of lemon.

Washing Blouses.

So many people suffer at this time of year from aching and tender feet that a few directions to ensure comfort in such cases may be useful. The important part for those who wish to have comfortable feet is to bathe them in hot water with a little salt two or three nights a week. Dry very carefully, then rub in a little vaseline or glycerine, and allow it to become absorbed before getting into bed. In wet summer weather, when it is necessary to wear somewhat thick boots to keep out the damp, and the feet get uncomfortably hot and moist, it will be found very refreshing on coming in for the day to sponge them over with a little rosemary tea, made by chopping up a handful of common rosemary, fresh or dried. Cover with boiling water and allow to stand for a few minutes. When strained and bottled, a pint will last for some time. Many people who are deprived of much of the pleasure of things by aching feet will find that the time is not wasted in paying attention to all these little details, as the increased comfort will amply repay them.

Tender Feet.

Nothing is more important in the training of children than to inculcate habits of order and obedience. The child who has been early accustomed to perform its tasks with method and precision will find habit become second nature, and in later life will find no difficulty in coping with the day's duties in a practical manner. It is equally essential for girls to be thorough in whatever they undertake, as for boys. Domestic and household work is made up of a number of details, insignificant possibly in themselves, but in the aggregate representing much value in time and money. How differently two girls will set about the same task, even in the case of such an ordinary piece of needlework as sewing fringe on to a curtain. With one it will be neatly arranged, smooth and even, and any joins will be carefully dovetailed into the pattern; with the other it will be run on in slipshod fashion, the material puckered to the braid, or the braid puckered to the material, and the joins, if any, not having been duly planned for beforehand, are sure to come in the most conspicuous places. With mending and repairing of any kind neatness is essential. Deft fingers will save many odd pence, and put beauty and ornament into old and worn things.

"Train up the Child."

NOTICE.—In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P.I.P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London.

BEAUTY AT HENLEY.

Some Charming Dresses in one of the Club Enclosures.

FROM SCHOOL TO STAGE:

The Story of My Life

BY

PHYLLIS DARE.

NEXT WEEK. NEXT WEEK.

PROBABLY in the whole history of the stage no actress has ever attained such surprising success in so short a time as Miss Phyllis Dare, the youngest "star" on the stage, who, last year, was actually taken from school in Brussels to succeed Miss Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair." Her popularity, too, among all sections of the public is shown by the enormous sale of her picture postcards, hundreds of thousands of which are sold yearly. We have great pleasure in announcing, therefore, that Miss Phyllis Dare has consented to write the story of her life exclusively for *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, the first instalment of which will appear next week. Further instalments, which will be profusely illustrated, will be published week by week. Miss Dare's story of her life is so charmingly written and is so full of human interest that we strongly advise our readers not to miss a single word. It will thoroughly reveal to them the life of a young girl of refinement and education who decided, very early in life indeed, to make the stage her profession.

FROM SCHOOL TO STAGE:

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NEXT WEEK. NEXT WEEK.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JULY 6 TO 12.—July is a very busy month in the gardening calendar. Things will begin to grow very quickly at last, and many crops that have gone out of bearing will leave refuse to be removed. This week, besides the continual round of weeding, earthing-up and hoeing in the kitchen garden, I shall be putting out the autumn and winter plants of cabbage and cauliflower, and I would caution the amateur against setting his plants too closely together. To get good, hearty cabbage, plenty of space must be allowed. I am putting in a late sowing of runner-bean seed, and would remind you that, though there is no crop more profitable and simple to handle, deep digging and manuring make just the difference between mere ordinary results and complete, emphatic success. August, the main runner-bean month, is invariably dry, and unless the roots can be deep down in moisture-holding manure, the plants are certain to suffer. Do not plant runner-bean seed too thickly. I keep busy thinning onions, beet, and such crops, and make regular sowings of radishes and mustard-and-cress. This week I shall be sowing a little carrot seed to get a crop of young, tender stuff for the early autumn; the drills may well be a foot apart for this sowing. It is not every gardener who goes in for this late carrot crop, a plan I greatly advise. As for work in the flower garden for the next few days, I have nothing to add to my notes of last week.

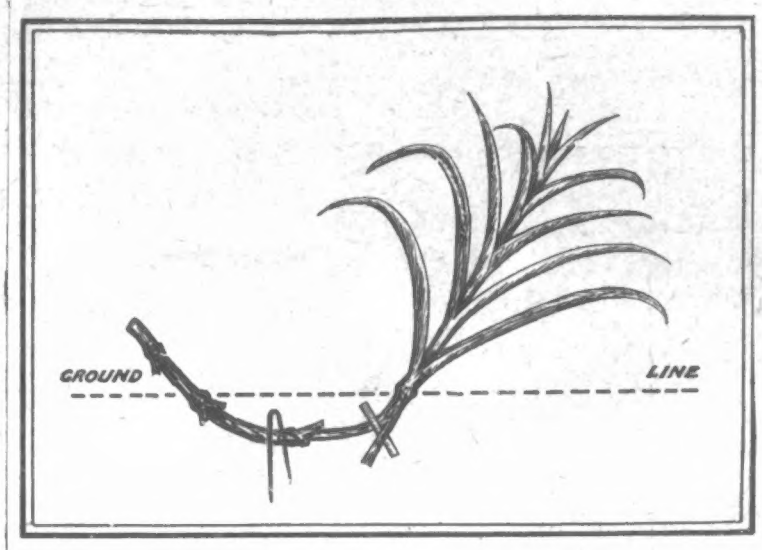
My Garden Plans.

What looks to be a finicking, troublesome job is really delightfully simple and most fascinating to the amateur, and now is the ideal time for layering carnations, surely one of our most popular flowers. The accompanying diagram explains the operation better than mere words can do. Having first selected the shoots to be layered, you should add a little sand to the soil around the plants. Prepare the shoot by trimming off the lower leaves, and then, with a thin-bladed pocket-knife, make a cut halfway through the shoot, beginning below a "joint" and passing up through it. Now peg down the "layer," either with a wooden peg or, better still, an ordinary hairpin, taking care that the "tongue" where you made the cut is open. Then cover with soil, as shown in the diagram, and in a few weeks your layer will have rooted. Later on it may be cut away from the parent plant, and be bedded-out where you wish it to stand.

Layering Carnations.

In a recently issued leaflet (No. 114) the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries deals with the feeding of poultry, and there is a vast amount of most valuable information concerning not only chickens, but also turkeys, ducks, and geese. I should advise all *P.I.P.* fanciers interested to apply to the Secretary of the Board at 4, Whitehall Place, London, S.W., for a copy of this free leaflet. Referring particularly to ducks and geese, the writer of the leaflet reminds us that "ducklings cannot stand direct sunshine, and must have plenty of shade to which they can retire at will. Until they are ten weeks old they are no hardier than chicks; but after this they will stand practically anything in the way of weather. If intended for the table ducklings should not be allowed water to swim in. The best green foods for ducklings are onion-tops, dandelion, chickweed, green clover, green rye, and green oats. Grown geese can usually keep themselves, except as regards grit, of which they need a large supply; but the young ones should be fed on the same lines as ducklings. All water-birds need a great deal of green food, grit, and animal food of some sort."

Ducks and Geese.



The present is an excellent time for layering carnations. The diagram above and accompanying letterpress explain this simple and fascinating garden operation.

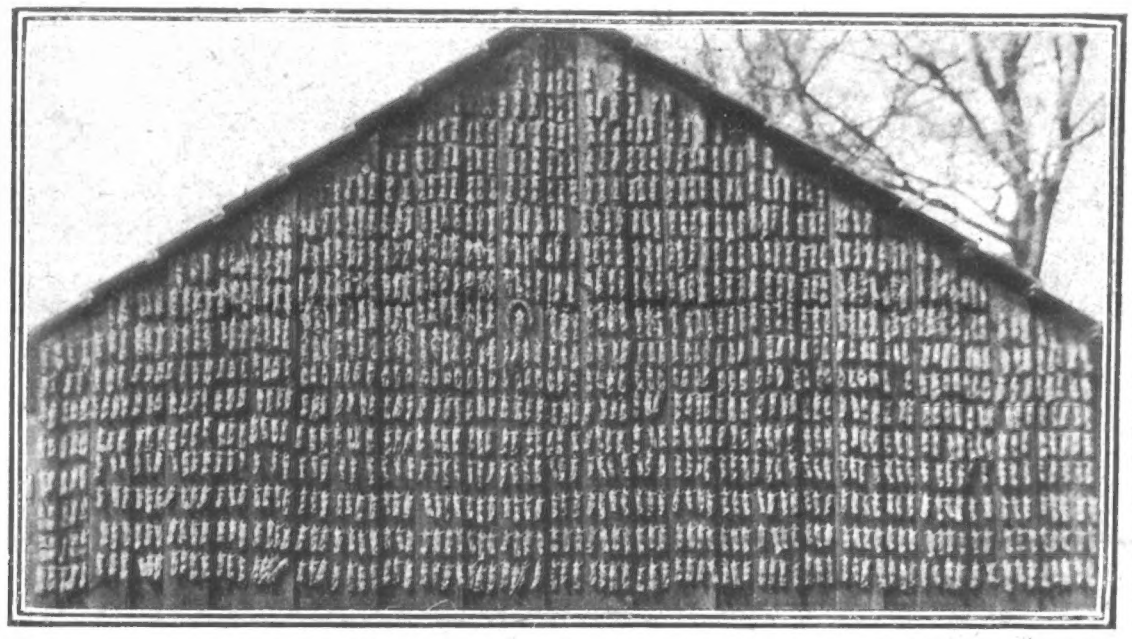


Photo. George Nicholls.

A THOUSAND MIDDLESEX MOLES CAUGHT ON A FARM NEAR EALING.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W. GARSTONE.—I believe most of the small tortoises on sale in this country hail from Greece. Give yours lettuce, dandelion, and similar succulent foliage and soaked bread. Yes, I have heard it said that tortoises are good gardeners, destroying insect pests and so on, but like the Scotsman, "I ha'e me doots." A lumbering tortoise does not seem in keeping with a bed of tender seedlings.

S. WOODS.—I am sorry, but I fear the trouble is gooseberry mildew. Write to the Secretary, Board of Agriculture, 4, Whitehall Place, London, S.W., for a copy of free leaflet No. 52, which deals with the treatment. A second leaflet dealing with the subject is No. 105, also obtainable for the asking, which contains a coloured plate of an infected branch.

W. LINFORD (Warwick).—Oh, these new-fangled names! Even the experts get confused sometimes. "Digitalis" is 1907 for the common or garden foxglove, and "Antirrhinum" means snap-dragon. I do not wonder you were mystified, and I for one far prefer the old-fashioned names to the modern slang Latin.

I am always pleased to reply to inquiries, and will do so through the post direct if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

ANOTHER PATENT LIFE-GUARD.

APROPOS of our photographs of a patent life-guard fixed to the trams in Berlin, Messrs. Hudson and Browning have sent us a model of their patent, which is British made, and adopted on many tramcars in England.

It works very much on the same principle as the one illustrated, and it is interesting to note that in Manchester alone in one year something like 120 persons were safely picked up; while at Keighley last February three children were picked up at once on the one carrier.

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RUPTURE CURED.

Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW?" Secretary (Box 54), 3, Earl St., Carlisle.

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Warrilow & Co., Weston-super-Mare.

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